

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Literature, Science, and Art,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 106 (2266).—VOL. V. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREATEST NATIONAL BRASS BAND CONTEST EVER HELD, TUESDAY, 10th, and WEDNESDAY, 11th July. Arrangements have been made for a Grand Monster Brass Band Contest on the above days, in which ONE HUNDRED BANDS from all parts of England are engaged to take part, comprising in all Two Thousand Brass Instrument Performers. Valuable prizes in Money and Cups will be given by the Company; and, in addition, the principal Musical Instrument Makers in London have signified their intention to present several first-class instruments as special prizes.

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" 5 " 1847 " 86,122 8 3	
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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

REVIEWS.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD.*

NOTHING could be simpler than these annals of the poet Hood; scarcely anything more touching. We see him as he lived in the home-circle, fighting on nobly from day to day with poverty and with sickness, loving, laughing, suffering, hopeful and happy, through a life-long disease—a man cheerful in spite of adversity, and infusing a genial influence on all around him. The "Memorials" form in truth a narrative of Hood's daily life, and this narrative is conveyed chiefly through the medium of his own correspondence. As a literary biography these volumes are extremely bald; they contain few references to the literature of the age, and hardly one remark on the poets of Hood's time or of former times, neither is there any attempt in them to form a judgment of Hood's mental power, or any definite statement of the estimate in which he was held by his contemporaries. It was natural and fitting that the son and daughter of this inimitable humourist should confine themselves chiefly to a record of their father as they knew him, and loved him, and leave his fame to the verdict of more impartial critics. As it is, they have performed a difficult task extremely well, and if the "Memorials of Hood" do not contain so much as we hoped to find in them, the loss is easily and reasonably accounted for from the relation in which the writers stand to the subject of their biography.

Hood's career as an author commenced with his earliest manhood. He chose literature as his profession as soon as it was necessary for him to select one, and clung to it affectionately to the last, although the misfortunes he met with, and the treatment he received, were by no means calculated to confirm his choice. The poet's daughter intimates that his pecuniary difficulties arose entirely from the faults of others. If so, Hood is greatly to be pitied, for surely no literary man, with such abilities—abilities, too, of a kind which the public were quick in apprehending—ever made so little profit out of his literary labours. The story of Hood's career, as related in these volumes, might seem to justify many of the arguments which have been advanced against the literary profession. And yet, though we cannot say why Hood failed of success, and though there can be no question that he had genius enough to deserve the highest, we know that these arguments are fallacious, and that they can be answered by the simple fact that hundreds of men in the present day, who are by no means so gifted as Hood, and who are less able to cater to the taste of the public—men without humour, without wit, without genius in any form, but possessing extensive knowledge, a generous love of literature, and a power of imparting what they have gained in a lively and racy style, do receive a liberal income from literary labour, and find that on the whole it answers in a worldly point of view. The case of Hood, in this respect, as far as we are enabled to understand it, was gloomy enough, but the gloom was increased ten-fold by the life of weakness and suffering

he was doomed to undergo. Almost every page of these volumes tells a tale of physical suffering and prostration. Again and again he was so near death's door that he said he could almost fancy he heard the creaking of the hinges; and some of his most pointed witticisms are directed against his unfortunate body. Ill health confined him almost entirely to domestic life, and a gentle and affectionate nature made that life congenial to him. Through years of pain he was watched over by a wife who had mind enough to enter into and appreciate all his pursuits, and heart enough to return his manly tenderness as woman only can. How beautiful is the following passage, expressive of the poet's affection for the choice of his youth:—

"I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you—and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly; but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received—next the remembrances of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar love,—then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflows of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness—worth—excellence—all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen."

Indeed it is evident from the "Memorials" that what Hood was in his poetry, he was also in his life, that the former was the inspired expression of the ordinary thoughts and aspirations by which the latter was prompted. Hood is never more pathetic, or more truly himself, than when he alludes to the claims and affections of domestic life, the sorrows and joys of humanity as associated with home. The most affecting poem he ever wrote—the "Bridge of Sighs"—is a dirge over one who had been homeless, and therefore hopeless:—

"Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none."

This is the burden of the whole. The exquisite little poem of "Ruth" is a song of home in all that is suggested by its twenty lines of beauty. "I remember, I remember," is a touching memory of a happy child's life under the parental roof, "The Death Bed," the lines "To my Daughter," and the stanzas addressed to a child, are domestic poems of the highest order, suggested by the losses and the loves which sometimes cloud life with sorrow, and sometimes make it radiant with joy. And even when Hood yields the reins to his humour, and makes our sides ache with laughter, if he gives a grotesque view of any human affection, he always preserves it from becoming simply foolish and despicable, by throwing a dash of sentiment and feeling into the most ludicrous incidents. As one instance of what we mean, take the piece, entitled "A Singular Exhibition at Somerset House." It is the day for the private view of the pictures of the Royal Academy

"When lords and ladies great and grand,
Repair to see what each R.A.
Has done since last they sought the Strand."

Among them "a large and vulgar dame" manages to find her way in, and while she is rushing from picture to picture, to the amazement of each looker-on, she comes "full butt on Mr. Hilton." The keeper asks her for her ticket, the woman asks in reply: "Where is David's cow?"

"Said Mr. H—— with expedition,
There's no cow in the exhibition."

The poor mother is confounded, and vents her wrath in rhyme; we can only give a por-

tion of it, omitting the weakest lines:—

"No cow, there ain't no cow, then the more's the shame
and pity,
Hang you and the R.A.'s and all the Hanging Committee!
I haven't seen a picture high or low, or any bow,
Or in any of the rooms to be compared with David's cow;
Do you think it might hang by and bye, if you cannot
hang it now?
David has made a party up to come and see his cow,
If it only hang three days a week for an example to the
learners,
Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of
Mr. Turner's?
Or do you think from Mr. Etty you need apprehend a row,
If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's
cow?
As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,
If it was round the stone man's neck a coming up the
stair,
Or down there in the marble room where all the figures
stand,
Where one of them three graces might just hold it in her
hand,
Or maybe Bailey's Charity the favour would allow,
It would really be a charity to hang up David's cow.
We haven't nowhere else to go if you don't hang it here,
The Water-Colour place allows no Ollimen to appear,
And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Tensors, and
Gerrard Douw;
And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a Suffolk
cow;
I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took his
meals,
Till she was painted on the board correct from head to
heels;
Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it anyhow,
Poor David he will hang himself, unless you hang his
cow—
And if its inconvenient and drawn too big by half—
David shan't send next year except a very little calf."

We appeal to any mother whose ambition for her son has been naturally, but perhaps foolishly excited, whether there is not something pathetic in these lines, in spite of all their fun.

But it is time that we should return to the volumes before us, and gather from them some characteristics, not of the poet's genius, but of his life.

The bare events of his biography might be told in a few paragraphs, but the life of a literary man does not derive its main interest from action. At the age of sixteen Hood was articled to his uncle as an engraver, but this engagement did not suit his health, and was soon terminated. After a temporary sojourn in Scotland, he was appointed sub-editor of the "London Magazine," in which periodical some of his well-known poems appeared.

At twenty-five he married, and it was on the death of Hood's first child that Charles Lamb wrote his beautiful lines "On an Infant Dying as soon as Born." A year or two afterwards, the first series of "Whims and Oddities" appeared; then two volumes of "National Tales," now out of print; then the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," which did not sell; and the "Dream of Eugene Aram," in an annual called "The Gem," of which Hood was some time editor. He was thirty-one when the first "Comic Annual" appeared, inscribed to Sir Francis Freeling, the then secretary to the postmaster-general, "the great patron of letters, foreign, general, and twopenny." The author forwarded a copy to the Duke of Devonshire; and in his letter of thanks, the Duke asked Hood if he could furnish him with some titles for a door of sham books. Hood seemed to enjoy the task, and sent off two batches. The following are among the best of the titles sent:—"Boyle on Steam;" "Rules for Punctuation, by a thorough-bred Pointer;" "Annual Parliaments, a Plea for Short Commons;" "Lamb's Recollections of Suett;" "The Rape of the Lock, with Bramah's Notes;" "Peel on Bell's System;" "Cursory Remarks on Swearing;" "Barrow on the Common Weal;" "In-i-go on Secret Entrances;" and "Recollections of Bannister, by Lord Stair."

We pass over Hood's interview with the King, from whose presence he backed out at the wrong door; the story of his practical

* *Memorials of Thomas Hood.* 2 vols. (Edward Moxon and Co.)

jokes, which, like all jokes of that nature, sound as foolish in the reading as they must have proved unpleasant in the execution; his publication of "Tyne Hall" and of the "Epping Hunt," and came to the time when, by the "failure of a firm," he became "involved in pecuniary difficulties," and was compelled to leave England and settle in Coblenz. Hood was then thirty-six years old, and from that age sorrow and vexation of spirit appear to have weighed him down, so far as they could weigh heavily on a nature which was alike courageous and hopeful. He complains bitterly of Germany, dislikes the climate, the food, the customs, the extortions, the doctors, the cookery—everything, in short, which could affect his physical comfort or his inward repose. On the medical men he is particularly severe. "The whole system here seems based on Sangrado's practice—bleeding, blistering, and drastics. Verily, I have no faith in the doctors here; we are sure to see a funeral every day, the population being only 20,000, including troops. I heard the other day of a man having fifty-five leeches on his thigh. One of their blisters would draw a waggon." The German practice of what is somewhat oddly called "domestic medicine," is equally strange in his eyes. Here is what he terms a Coblenz picture:—

"Jane in bed, smothered in pillows and blankets, suffering from a terribly inflamed eye. In rushes our maid and without any warning, suddenly envelops her head in a baker's meal-sack hot out of the oven! prescribed as a sudorific and the best thing in the world for an inflamed eye by the baker's wife (there's nothing like leather!). What between the suddenness of the attack and her strong sense of the fun of the thing, Jane lay helplessly laughing for awhile, and heard Gradle coax off the children with 'Coom schön babie—coom schone Fannische—mamma kranke! Encore!' I sent a pair of light trousers which were spotted with ink to be dyed black; after six weeks they came back like a jack-daw, part black, part gray. I put my hands in the pockets like an Englishman, and they came out like an African's. I think seriously of giving them to a chimney-sweep who goes by here; full grown, long nosed, and so like the devil I wonder Fanny has never dreamed of him. There were two; but the other was stowed to death the other day at our neighbour the general's. They lit a fire under him when he was up. Our Dr. B—, who was sent for, told me gravely that he could not revive him, 'for when he came the man was black in the face.' I forgot to tell you that when Gradle first proposed the hot flour prescription of the baker's wife, Jane had flattered herself that it was only a little paper bag of hot flour; and it was only when she was tucked in that she began to feel what a cake she was!"

It was at Coblenz that the disorders which ultimately proved fatal began first to distress him. From that time almost every letter speaks of pain and exhaustion. Sometimes he is seized with violent spasms in the chest, sometimes with hemorrhage at the lungs; but he has too much dependent on him: to relax in his literary labours, and says that he works harder than a horse, "for he does nothing with his head but eat and drink." After a two years' residence in Coblenz,—a spot associated in his mind "with nothing but illness, suffering, disgust, and vexation of spirit,"—Hood removed to Ostend, where he hopes "to conquer the lung-touch or whatever it is." But change of air brought with it no relief from anxiety, no relaxation from labour, and Hood's disease, therefore, gained ground but too surely. "Who would think," he says in allusion to the "Annual," "of such a creaking, croaking, blood-spitting wretch, being the 'comic'?" and in another letter he writes, "By-the-bye, this very day I am forty. Another year will set

me up, or knock me down,—the wear and tear of my nerves, &c., cannot last longer." He lived six years after writing this, and in those years did some notable work, but every one of them contains its mark of suffering, though occasional gleams of health sometimes cheered him, and made him hopeful of conquering his complaints.

Among Hood's literary projects while at Ostend, was that of "A Child's Library," a work which no man could have done so well. Hood loved children dearly, and understood them thoroughly, and had a rare gift for entertaining the little people. Two or three letters to children are inserted in the volume, and very amusing they are. Take as a specimen the following:—

"My dear Jeanie,—So you are at Sandgate! Of course, wishing for your old play-fellow, M—— H——, (he can play,—it's work to me) to help you to make little puddles in the sand and swing on the gate. But perhaps there are no sand and gate at Sandgate, which, in that case, nominally tells us a fib. But there must be little crabs somewhere, which you can catch, if you are nimble enough; so like spiders, I wonder they do not make webs. The large crabs are scarcer.

"If you do catch a big one with strong claws—and like experiments—you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it up with his nippers. Besides crabs, I used to find jelly-fish on the beach, made, it seemed to me, of sea-calves' feet, and no sherry.

"The mermaids eat them, I suppose, at their wet water parties, or salt *soirées*. There were star-fish also, but they did not shine till they were stinking, and so made very uncelestial constellations.

"I suppose you never gather any sea-flowers, but only sea-weeds. The truth is Mr. David Jones never rises from his bed, and so has a garden full of weeds, like Dr. Watt's 'Sluggard.'

"Oysters are as bad, for they never leave their beds willingly, though they get oceans of 'cold pig.' At some seashores you may pick up shells, but I have been told that at Sandgate there are no shells, except those with passive green peas and lively maggots.

"I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care; for if you stay under water too long, you may come up a mermaid, who is only half a lady, with a fish's tail,—which she can boil if she likes. You had better try this with your Doll, whether it turns her into half a 'doll-fin.'

"I hope you like the sea. I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. Sometimes it makes such a fizzing and foaming, I wonder some of our London cheats do not bottle it up, and sell it for ginger-pop.

"When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet-oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth,—much smoother than a dressed salad.

"Some time ago exactly, there used to be, about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged down into the water after a fish. Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets or hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them 'gulls,'—but they didn't mind it! Do you ever see any boats or vessels? And don't you wish, when you see a ship, that Somebody was a sea-captain instead of a doctor, that he might bring you home a pet lion, or calf elephant, ever so many parrots, or a monkey, from foreign parts? I knew a little girl who was promised a baby whale by her sailor brother, and who *blubbered* because he did not bring it. I suppose there are no whales at Sandgate, but you might find a seal about the beach; or, at least, a stone for one. The sea stones are not pretty when they are dry, but look beautiful when they are wet, and we can *always* keep sucking them!

"If you can find one, pray pick me up a pebble for a seal. I prefer the red sort, like Mrs. Jenkins's brooch and ear-rings, which she calls 'red chameleon.' Well, how happy you must be! Childhood

is such a joyous, merry time; and I often wish I was two or three children! But I suppose I can't be; or else I would be Jeanie, and May, and Dunny Elliot. And wouldn't I pull off my three pairs of shoes and socks, and go paddling in the sea up to my six knees! And oh! how I could climb up the downs, and roll down the ups on my three backs and stomachs! Capital sport, only it wears out the woollens. Which reminds me of the sheep on the downs, and little May, so innocent; I daresay, she often crawls about on all fours, and tries to eat grass like a lamb. Grass isn't nasty; at least, not very, if you take care, while you are browsing, not to chump up the dandelions. They are large, yellow star-flowers, and often grow about dairy farms, but give very bad milk!

"When I can buy a telescope powerful enough, I shall have a peep at you. I am told, with a good glass, you can see the sea at such a distance that the sea cannot see you! Now I must say good-bye, for my paper gets short, but not stouter. Pray give my love to your Ma, and my compliments to Mrs. H—— and no mistake, and remember me, my dear Jeanie, as your affectionate friend,

"THOS. HOOD."

After a long and dreary exile Hood returned to England, and settled in the first instance at Camberwell—2, Union Row, High Street—with a fixed engagement to write in Colburn's "New Monthly," and in this magazine appeared the golden poem of "Miss Kilmansegg." It is scarcely within the compass of a literary journal to descend upon the religious character of an author, while glancing at the memorials of his career; but we must remark in passing that the arguments by which the children of the poet endeavour to defend his memory in this respect are feeble in the extreme, and that "My Tract," which is said to be worthy of a place in any collection of "Really Religious Reading," is to our thinking exceedingly offensive—almost as much so, indeed, as the conduct of the lady which suggested it. It is unworthy of Hood's fame, and of his manly and generous nature, and we sincerely hope it will be expunged from the second edition of the "Memorials."

It was a fortune for the poet when on the death of Theodore Hook he became editor of the "New Monthly Magazine," at a salary of £300 a-year, independent of any articles he might contribute. On the strength of this position he removed to St. John's Wood, where he took lodgings overlooking Lord's cricket-ground. For a short time his health seemed to improve with his circumstances, and he occasionally went out or entertained literary friends at home, but this improvement was very temporary. The following amusing letter, written from his bed to the secretaries of the bazaar committee for the benefit of the Manchester Athenæum, describes his resources in sickness. It deserves to be inserted in Mr. Willmott's essay on the "Pleasures of Literature":—

"(From my bed.)

"17, Elm Tree Road, St. John's Wood,
July 18, 1843.

"Gentlemen,—If my humble name can be of the least use for your purpose, it is heartily at your service, with my best wishes for the prosperity of the Manchester Athenæum, and my warmest approval of the objects of that institution.

"I have elsewhere recorded my own deep obligations to literature—that a natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloons, with their degrading orgies. For the closet associate of Pope and Addison, the mind accustomed to the noble, though silent discourse of Shakespeare and Milton, will hardly seek, or put up with, low company and slang. The reading animal will not be content with the brutish wallowings that satisfy the

unlearned pigs of the world. Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow: how powerfully intellectual pursuits can help in keeping the head from crazing, and the heart from breaking; nay, not to be too grave, how generous mental food can even atone for a meagre diet; rich fare on the paper, for short commons on the cloth.

"Poisoned by the malaria of the Dutch marshes, my stomach for many months resolutely set itself against fish, flesh, or fowl; my appetite had no more edge than the German knife placed before me. But luckily the mental palate and digestion were still sensible and vigorous; and whilst I passed untasted every dish at the Rhenish *table d'hôte*, I could still enjoy my 'Peregrine Pickle,' and the feast after the manner of the ancients. There was no yearning towards calf's head à la tortue, or sheep's heart; but I could still relish Head à la Brunnen, and the 'Heart of Mid-Lothian.' Still more recently it was my misfortune, with a tolerable appetite, to be condemned to Lenten fare, like Sancho Panza, by my physician; to a diet, in fact, lower than any prescribed by the Poor-Law Commissioners, all animal food, from a bullock to a rabbit, being strictly interdicted, as well as all fluids stronger than that which lays dust, washes pinafores, and waters polyanthus. But the feast of reason and the flow of soul were still mine!

"Denied beef, I had Bulwer and Cowper; forbidden mutton, there was Lamb; and, in lieu of pork, the great Bacon, or Hogg. Then as to beverage; it was hard, doubtless, for a Christian to set his face, like a Turk, against the juice of the grape. But eschewing wine, I had still my Butler, and in the absence of liquor, all the Choice Spirits from Tom Browne to Tom Moore. Thus though confined physically to the drink that drowns kittens, I quaffed mentally, not merely the best of our own home-made, but the rich, racy, sparkling growths of France and Italy, of Germany and Spain; the champagne of Molière, the Monte Pulciano of Boccaccio, the hock of Schiller, and the sherry of Cervantes. Depressed bodily by the fluid that damps everything, I got intellectually elevated with Milton, a little merry with Swift, or rather jolly with Rabelais, whose Pantagruel, by the way, is equal to the best grogue with rum in it.

So far can literature palliate, or compensate, for gastronomical privations. But there are other evils, great and small, in this world, which try the stomach less than the head, the heart, and the temper; bows that will not roll right, well-laid schemes that will 'gang a-gree,' and ill winds that blow with the pertinacity of the monsoon. Of these Providence has allotted me a full share; but still, paradoxical as it may sound, my burthen has been greatly enlightened by a load of books. The manner of this will be best understood by a *feline* illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to its breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten; for it is apt to prey upon itself, unless drawn off by a new object, and none better for the purpose than a book. For example, one of Defoe's; for who, in reading his thrilling 'History of the Great Plague,' would not be reconciled to a few little ones?

"Many a dreary, weary hour have I got over—many a gloomy misgiving postponed—many a mental bodily annoyance forgotten by help of the tragedies, and comedies, of our dramatists and novelists! Many a trouble has been soothed by the still small voice of the moral philosopher; many a dragon-like care charmed to sleep by the sweet song of the poet! From all which I cry incessantly, not aloud, but in my heart, 'Thanks and honour to the glorious masters of the pen, and the great inventors of the press!' Such has been my own experience of the blessing and comfort of literature and intellectual pursuits; and of the same mind, doubtless, was Sir Humphrey Davy, who went for 'Consolations in Travel' not to the inn or the post-house, but to his library and his books.—I am, gentlemen, yours very truly, "THOS. HOOD."

At the commencement of the year 1844 Hood started his "Monthly Magazine," and the fame of the "Song of the Shirt," which had appeared just before in "Punch," promised a glorious success to the new periodical. But the genius which projected it was not destined to sustain it, for on the 3rd May, 1845, the poet closed his troubled life. Yet it was not all troubled. Hood had much to cheer him on the way: dear friends, a loving wife, children on whom he doted, the regard of the most worthy, the respect and gratitude of thousands. During his last illness he said once—"It's a beautiful world, and since I have been lying here, I have thought of it more and more."

I have had some very happy days while I lived in it, and I could have wished to stay a little longer. But it is all for the best, and we shall all meet in a better world." His last words were "dying, dying," as if "glad to realise the rest implied in them."

Since that time, many a loving pilgrim has visited the poet's grave in Kensal Green cemetery, and this simple narrative of his career, as it is certain to be read by thousands, will in all probability tempt many more to visit the last resting-place of this noble poet and humorist.

RUSKIN'S MODERN PAINTERS.*

FIRST NOTICE.

WITHOUT being at all inclined to the opinion that every man, woman, and child in the three kingdoms have arisen every morning since 1855, and engaged themselves during the day in wondering whether the fifth volume of "Modern Painters," completing the work, would be published before night, we can yet conceive that some respectable portion of them—and not including only the women and children—have now and then considered it "strange," as Mr. Ruskin says, that the work has been so long coming to an end. Whether it was worth while going through so much, in the way of time, to produce so little in the way of result, seems to be doubted by the author himself; and it is satisfactory to know that during the period when "Modern Painters" were taking care of themselves, he was more profitably employed. First he wrote the "Elements of Drawing," for which he conceived there was immediate need. This, and the examination, "with more attention than they deserved," of some of the modern theories of political economy, to which there was necessarily reference in his addresses at Manchester, occupied him during the winter of 1856. Then followed some work in connection with the Manchester Exhibition, and then he went to Scotland to look at some sites of Turner's, and afterwards came the arrangement of the Turner drawings, upon which he appears to have bestowed no ordinary amount of elaborate flurry, having been at work upon this undertaking "all the autumn and winter of 1857, every day, all day long, and often far into the night." The result was a state of exhaustion, which he determined to relieve by "hunting down" some of Turner's subjects—"a magnificent series which appeared to be of some towns along the course of the Rhine, or the north of Switzerland," and sketching what he could of them in order to illustrate the compositions. Crossing Lombardy, however, with a view to looking up some points of shepherd character in the Valdois valleys, he

found himself detained at Turin by some unexpected Paul Veroneses, and was "troubled not a little" with "several questions respecting the real motives of Venetian work." Finding that Turin was a good place wherein to keep out of people's way, he settled there, and then made the discovery that he had "never got to the roots of the moral power of the Venetians." So he gave up the book for that year, and spent the winter in trying to get at the mind of Titian. This task took him to Berlin, Dresden, and Munich, and "had like" to have left him in Germany all summer. Returning home and facing his materials, he resolved to abandon two sections of his book—that on vegetation, the origin of wood, and that on sea, respecting curves of waves, as neither botanist nor mathematician could afford him sufficient answers upon those questions.

Mr. Ruskin then gives us some particulars of the influences under which the preceding volumes of the book were written, and especially makes an apology for the "strong expressions of admiration for Rubens," which, to his "strong regret," occur in the first volume; and he ascribes his long blindness to the deepest qualities of Venetian art to the influence of that master. This fact is less valuable for its own sake than for the moral to which it points; and we consider the following handsome admission highly creditable to our author, who has hitherto treated all those who disagreed with him as so many criminals, having the worst possible motives for the worst possible taste:—

"These oscillations of temper, and progressions of discovery, extending over a period of seventeen years, ought not to diminish the reader's confidence in the book. Let him be assured of this, that unless important changes are occurring in his opinions continually, all his life long, not one of those opinions can be on any questionable subject true. All true opinions are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment; therefore of change. But their change is that of a tree—not of a cloud."

For the future, after this avowal, Mr. Ruskin will of course treat all his enemies among the critics as if they may one day be his friends—an arrangement which need not deprive the public of the enjoyment which they have hitherto derived from his "slashing" powers, for, to carry out the principle, he should treat his friends as if they might become his enemies. All these things, and many more, Mr. Ruskin tells us in his preface, and then he brings us to the book.

Part VI. treats "Of Leaf Beauty," and chapter I. is, in the author's usual fanciful manner, called "The Earth's Veil," by which he means the vegetation upon the surface of the earth. And here we cannot refrain from quoting one or two from the fine passages that occur almost at the outset:—

"For what can we conceive of that first Eden which we might not yet win back, if we chose? It was a place full of flowers, we say. Well: the flowers are always striving to grow wherever we suffer them; and the fairer, the closer. There may indeed have been a fall of flowers, as a fall of man; but assuredly creatures such as we are can now fancy nothing lovelier than roses and lilies, which would grow for us side by side, leaf overlapping leaf, till the earth was white and red with them, if we cared to have it so. And Paradise was full of pleasant shades and fruitful avenues. Well: what hinders us from covering as much of the world as we like with pleasant shade and pure blossom, and goodly fruit? Who forbids its valleys to be covered over with corn, till they laugh and sing? Who prevents its dark forests, ghostly and uninhabitable, from being changed into infinite orchards, wreathing the hills with frail-floretted snow, far away to the half-lighted horizon of April, and flushing the face

* *Modern Painters*. Vol. V., completing the work, and containing Parts VI. of *Leaf Beauty*; VII. of *Cloud Beauty*; VIII. of *Ideas of Relation*—(1) Of *Invention* Formal; IX. of *Ideas of Relation*—(2) Of *Invention* Spiritual. By John Ruskin, M.A., &c. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.)

of all the autumnal earth with glow of clustered food? But Paradise was a place of peace, we say: and all the animals were gentle servants to us. Well, the world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peacemakers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery. But so long as we make sport of slaying bird and beast, so long as we choose to contend rather with our fellows than with our faults, and make battle-fields of our meadows instead of pastures—so long, truly, the flaming sword will still turn every way, and the gates of Eden remain barred close enough, till we have sheathed the sharper flame of our own passions, and broken down the closer gates of our hearts."

In dealing with "the leaf orders," the author, as in his sketch of the structure of mountains, adopts a classification of his own. Flowers and trees he calls respectively "tented plants" and "building plants." The latter he divides into two classes—"builders with the shield" and "builders with the sword"—the one spreading and giving shade, the other erect and topped with sheafs. The chief mystery of vegetation, he says, is among the shield builders, and these he proceeds to examine "fondly and earnestly." Into the mysteries of bud and leaf we need not follow him; but let us see what he requires of the student before venturing to draw a rose-leaf:—

"It results generally from what we have seen, that any group of four or five leaves presenting itself in its natural position to the eye, consists of a series of forms connected by exquisite and complex symmetries, and that these forms will be not only varied in themselves, but every one of them seen under a different condition of foreshortening. The facility of drawing the group may be judged of by a comparison. Suppose five or six boats, very beautifully built, and sharp in the prow, to start all from one point, and the first bearing up into the wind, the other three or four to fall off from it in succession an equal number of points, taking each, in consequence, a different slope of deck from the stem of the sail. Suppose, also, that the bows of these boats were transparent, so that you could see the under sides of their decks as well as the upper; and that it were required of you to draw all their five decks, the under or upper side, as their curve showed it, in true foreshortened perspective, indicating the exact distance each boat had reached at a given moment from the central point they started from. If you can do that, you can draw a rose-leaf. Not otherwise."

"Alas! my innocent young friend," he says to a "feeble young student," whom he summons up for the occasion, and who is made to suppose that according to pre-Raphaelite laws he has only to paint the leaves as they grow to produce beautiful landscapes, "if you can paint one leaf you can paint the world." "These pre-Raphaelite laws, which you think so light, lay stern on the strength of Apelles and Zeuxis, put Titian to thoughtful trouble, are unrelaxed yet, and unrelaxable for ever. Paint a leaf, indeed! Above-named Titian has done; Correggio, moreover, and Giorgione; and Leonardo, very nearly, and trying hard. Holbein, three or four times, in precious pieces, highest wrought. Raphael, it may be, in one or two crowns of Muse or Sibyl. If any one else, in later times, we have to consider."

The branch receives the same elaborate treatment as the leaf, and we can, best give the author's exposition of the principles of tree-growth in his own words:—

"The reader has, I hope, a clear idea by this time of the main principle of tree-growth; namely, that the increase is by addition, or superimposition, not extension. A branch does not stretch itself out as a leech stretches its body. But it receives additions at its extremity, and proportional additions to its thickness. For although the actual living shoot, or growing point, of any year, lengthens itself gradually until it reaches its terminal bud, after

that bud is formed, its length is fixed. It is thenceforth one joint of the tree, like the joint of a pillar, on which other joints of marble may be laid to elongate the pillar, but which will not itself stretch. A tree is thus truly edified, or built, like a house."

The stem is treated with equal ingenuity. The reason why the branches spread after the trunk has grown a certain height, is answered with thoughtful care. "The point at which they show a determined tendency to spread is generally to be conceived as a place of rest for the tree, where it has reached the height from the ground at which ground-mist, imperfect circulation of air, &c., have ceased to operate injuriously on it, and when it has free room, and air, and light for its growth."

The principles of the growth of branches and general formation of trees are treated clearly enough, but would be difficult to explain without the aid of the diagrams which profusely accompany the author's explanations everywhere. The chapter on "Leaf monuments," which follows, is especially characteristic. He traces "three great conditions in branch aspect," for which he cannot find good names, and therefore christens them "Spring," "Caprice," and "Fellowship." "Spring" is "the appearance of elastic or progressive power, as opposed to that look of a bent piece of cord. This follows partly on the poise of a bough, partly on its action in seeking or shunning." Of this "condition," he quotes us beautiful examples from Turner and Paul Veronese. "Caprice" he describes in a playful and personal manner which reminds us of Mr. Dickens:—

"It is a character connected with the ruggedness and ill-tempereness just spoken of, and an essential source of branch beauty; being in reality the written story of all the branch's life—of the theories it formed, the accidents it suffered, the fits of enthusiasm to which it yielded in certain delicious warm springs; the disgusts at weeks of east wind, the mortifications of itself for its friends' sakes; or the sudden and successful inventions of new ways of getting out to the sun."

Again, after giving an example from Salvador Rosa:—

"You cannot but feel at once, not only the wrongness of Salvador's, but its dullness. It is not now a question either of poise, or grace, or gravity; only of wit. That bough has got no sense; it has not been struck by a single new idea from the beginning of it to the end; dares not even cross itself with one of its own sprays. You will be amazed, in taking up any of these old engravings, to see how seldom the boughs do cross each other."

"Fellowship" is the mode of the "association of boughs in masses," and here again we must allow the author to describe what he means in his own poetic, if not very practical manner:—

"To conclude, then, we find that the beauty of these buildings of the leaves consists, from the first step of it to the last, in its showing their perfect fellowship; and a single aim uniting them under circumstances of various distress, trial, and pleasure. Without the fellowship, no beauty; without the steady purpose, no beauty; without trouble, and death, no beauty; without individual pleasure, freedom, and caprice, so far as may be consistent with the universal good, no beauty. Tree-loveliness might be thus lost or killed in many ways. Discordance would kill it—of one leaf with another; disobedience would kill it—of any leaf to the ruling law; indulgence would kill it, and the doing away with pain; or slavish symmetry would kill it, and the doing away with delight. And this is so, down to the smallest atom and beginning of life: so soon as there is life at all, there are these four conditions of it;—harmony, obedience, distress, and delightful inequality."

Shelley's lines, in which the poet tells us that

"No leaf or flower would be forgiven
If it disdained to kiss its brother,"

may have suggested the graceful idea which

our author—no less a poet, with all his eccentricities, than Shelley—has here so charmingly worked out. But he almost verges on the ridiculous when he attempts to draw a serious moral from the poetic fancy, by telling us that men have no right, in their assumed humility, to compare themselves with leaves, as "the leaves may well scorn the comparison"—leaves being reverent and dutiful, and men precisely the reverse. Mr. Ruskin might remember with advantage Mr. Tennyson's more philosophic reflection, commencing—

"Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wildweed-flower that simply blows?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose?"

And especially apply the concluding verse—

"And liberal applications lie
In Art, like Nature, dearest friend,
And 'twere to cramp its use, if I
Should book it to some useful end."

The chapters upon "The Leaf Shadows," and "Leaves Motionless," conclude this division of the work. They are marked throughout—as are nearly all of Mr. Ruskin's writings when he is not writing about himself—by acute insight, and tender and delicate beauty. He takes his leave of trees and flowers in a strain which makes the reader feel the "sweet sorrow" of parting, as he seems to feel it himself:—

"Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honoured of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless, the worn frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal, tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."

In the next part, Mr. Ruskin conducts us to the clouds; and here we must confess we feel less at home than when rambling with him upon earth, among the leaves and flowers. But he has a great deal to say about the clouds, and knows how to say it finely. The following will convey his general idea of what he considers their relation to man:—

"We have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth, and the passion and perishing of mankind. But the heavens, also, had to be prepared for his habitation. Between their burning light—their deep vacuity, and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance, and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being;—which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude. Between the earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapour."

Turner, Mr. Ruskin tells us, was the best cloud-drawer of all men. Others have understood the colouring equally well, but none have drawn them like Turner. From this sentiment the reader will gather some notion of the author's peculiar views upon clouds; and we may add that this portion of his book will repay with pleasure and profit the curiosity with which his admirers will turn to it.

Part VII. treats "Of Ideas of Relation"—the last, and as Mr. Ruskin says, the most important, part of the subject, being the

relations of art to God and man. The author's idea of the high mission of the painter—which pervades all his works—is well expressed in the following :—

"It is gratuitous to add that no shallow or petty person can paint. Mere cleverness or special gift never made an artist. It is only perfectness of mind, unity, depth, decision, the highest qualities, in fine, of the intellect, which will form the imagination. And, lastly, no false person can paint. A person false at heart may, when it suits his purposes, seize a stray truth here or there; but the relations of truth—its perfectness—that which makes it wholesome truth, he can never perceive. As wholeness and wholesomeness go together, so also sight with sincerity; it is only the constant desire of and submissiveness to truth, which can measure its strange angles and mark its infinite aspects; and fit them and knit them into the strength of sacred invention. Sacred, I call it deliberately; for it is thus, in the most accurate senses, humble as well as helpful; meek in its receiving, as magnificent in its disposing; the name it bears being rightly given even to invention formal, not because it forms, but because it finds. For you cannot find a lie; you must make it for yourself. False things may be imagined, and false things composed; but only truth can be invented."

Some admirable critical comparisons between masters and styles occupy several succeeding chapters. And not the least recommendation of the last of them—that upon Reubens and Cuyp—is that it suggests a discourse on "Vulgarity," which is among the wisest and best things in the book. A parallel between Giorgione and Turner is conceived in the affectionate and reverential spirit for the latter painter which breathes throughout the volume. And the chapter called "The Herperid Eagle," is devoted to the task of showing that Turner was the greatest landscape painter that ever lived. Upon the neglect of Turner by his countrymen, the author is severe even to bitterness; and he mentions a remark made by the painter, which even those who cannot accompany Mr. Ruskin to the full extent of his admiration, will scarcely read unmoved. "A man may be weak in his age," said Turner to the author, at a time when he believed himself to be dying, "but you should not tell him so."

The last chapter, entitled "Peace," is a thoughtful earnest piece of writing—worthy of the author's genius, and a fitting termination to a work which, whatever its relation to art, is a series of grand sermons upon texts from nature; and which, whatever its faults as a guide to artists, should be to them a source of the noblest inspiration. It is not because we are occasionally tempted to ridicule the writer's egotism and resent his rudeness, that we are insensible to his high claims upon the respect and admiration of his countrymen, towards whose culture and elevation he has wrought with such vigorous and honest purpose.

In the present article, we have simply attempted to give a rough sketch, *as it were*, of the general plan and compass of the work. Ever and again we shall return to Mr. Ruskin, and attempt a more detailed criticism of his wonderful work.

HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM IV.*

ON seeing the announcement of this publication, the first question which we asked ourselves was, whether any great need existed for a work of the kind? Although the nation passed safely, during the short reign of King William, through the crisis of transferring political power from the limited upper class to

a more numerous middle class, yet, since all the information has been supplied which we are likely to receive during the lifetime of many surviving statesmen of the epoch, we are scarcely inclined to hail with avidity a couple of volumes such as those which any ordinary historian could pen. Towards the close, indeed, of this century, when the effects of the Reform Bill shall have been more developed, the reflective and philosophic historian may review with clearer appreciation the records of the time. Again, when some private correspondence which is known to exist, carried on by King William with various politicians through Sir Herbert Taylor, shall come to light, those who love the secondary gossip of politics, and look with interest on any secret history that discovers motives now uncertain, may obtain the gratification of their curiosity. At present, however, we think no influencing motive exists so overwhelming as to necessitate the appearance of the two volumes by Mr. Maley. Indeed, we think the work of Mr. Maley so defective and objectionable that we almost grudge the space which we devote to its notice.

It would require very important matter, and very lively pictures, to carry off the depressing weight of such enormous sentences as Mr. Maley favours us with. The first sentence of the preface is sixteen lines in length, and in page 15 commences one which runs its dreary length through no less than one page and a half. Wherever the author has an opportunity, he sets at nought the wise Horatian maxim, to take his readers at once *in medias res*. We may not object to his commencing a notice of the rise of the Tory party with the reign of Charles II., but we protest against being carried back, just as we were hoping that weary preliminaries were over, to Henry VIII. and the Pope, in order to illustrate the policy of the leaders of the Whig party. Mr. Maley states that being identified with no political party, he is anxious to state "all that is true, and nothing that is not true." This motive influences him to find fault with all parties alike, but he has not done equal justice in acknowledging merits when they exist. He tells us that he was brought in contact with several eminent men, such as Sir R. Peel, Mr. Herries, Mr. Hume, Mr. Warburton, and last, not least, Mr. O'Connell. We had not read very far before we suspected, what Mr. Maley tells us in a note subsequently, that though he declined to join O'Connell's Repeal Association, yet he entirely sympathises with many of his views. And this affords us the key-note to the object of the author in these Recollections. It is evidently to exhibit the complaints of Ireland against the injustice with which she supposes statesmen, both Whigs and Tories, have treated her. The greater part of the work is taken up in detailing those portions of Imperial history which relate to Ireland. The author treats with injustice almost every statesman of the day. Let us begin with Earl Grey, the old hero of Reform, against whom a reproach of insincerity, we should scarcely have thought, could be breathed. Yet even Lord Grey is charged with culpable indifference towards Ireland, with concealing opinions he ought to have communicated to his cabinet, and with laying the train for the destruction of his power, under circumstances tending to discredit his claim to the character of a statesman. The passages *a la Courance* in debate between Mr. Stanley and Mr. O'Connell are well known. Mr. Maley has not the fairness of Mr. Roebuck in describing the character of the Irish Secretary. Mr. Roebuck attributes to Mr. Stanley "imperiousness and petulance," and other serious faults of temper; but he

accords to him the credit of being influenced, in his conduct to Mr. O'Connell, by wishing to support the authority of the law. Mr. Maley, on the other hand, can see nothing but a mean and petty wish to triumph over a bitter personal adversary. We need hardly say, that what is the great blot on the Whig party, the Lichfield House compact in the end of 1834, the alliance of the "base, brutal, and bloody" Whigs, with the powerful demagogue who had denounced them, in order to effect their own return to power, meets with no condemnation in these pages. On the contrary, the reprobation of the author is reserved for them when they set O'Connell and agitators at defiance.

We cannot find time to criticise the accounts given at great length of various Irish measures in the reign of King William. A few errors, however, whether they arise from slovenliness or prejudice, may be pointed out. In the famous division on the speakership in 1835, it is notorious that the balance was turned by the preponderance of Irish members. Mr. Maley tells us that "31 only" voted for Manners Sutton. It needs very cursory arithmetic to see that this number is an error for 41. Again, in mentioning the comparative numbers of different religious professions in Ireland, the author wholly keeps out of sight, and, indeed, afterwards asserts the reverse, that the relative proportions since the period of which he speaks have greatly altered. At one time the Roman Catholics were six millions or upwards, compared with one and a half of Protestants; but at the present day, statistics prove that they are scarcely double. The author is unjust in attempting to prove criminal and treasonable designs against the "leaders" of the Orange lodges in Ireland.

Many pages are transcribed from Mr. Roebuck, and form a lively contrast to Mr. Maley's general heaviness in narration and dissertation. It is not acknowledged when the quotation ends, though noted as such at the commencement. These pages form the account of one of the most interesting incidents during the Reform crisis, the time when Lord Brougham "managed" the king, in order to effect an instantaneous dissolution of Parliament, in the spring of 1831. Had Mr. Maley given us many pages of writing similar to Mr. Roebuck's, we might have excused the infliction of his work, on the ground that he was entitled to place before the public the "rash view" of the politics of the period. As it is, we cannot in any way commend the work, but may hope to save our readers the time which some of them might be disposed to spend in wading through these pages. One word as to the personal character of King William.

We regret that the author has followed Mr. Roebuck's unfavourable estimate. Considering that the historian of the Whig Ministry asserts that, though a "weak man, he was a very finished dissembler;" and, moreover, that "Lord Brougham was himself imposed upon," when he asserted that the "king was frank and open," we need not blame Mr. Maley for taking this side. We think an impartial historian would agree with Alison, that he was weak and vacillating, but neither a "hero nor a demon." Many circumstances prove his earnest wish for his people's good. His letter to the leaders of parties, disclosed in the private memoirs of Sir R. Peel, published after the time when Mr. Roebuck wrote, urging the Tories and leading Whigs to coalesce, though evidencing great want of political sagacity in thinking such a union possible, is directly the reverse of treachery towards the reform ministry. In the commencement of the work, his vices are

* *Historical Recollections of the Reign of William IV.* By A. J. Maley, Esq. (London: J. F. Hope, Great Marlborough Street.)

brought much more into prominence than they deserved. They do not deeply stain his character, and William showed, previous to his accession to the throne, more private virtues and good qualities than he has credit for in these pages. However, Mr. Maley partially softens this estimate in the end. We agree with the concluding words, and "we doubt if it would be possible to discover any better monarch than William IV., in the long catalogue of his predecessors." This surely is some praise, and may counteract previous remarks as to duplicity practised by him. We prefer to agree with Lord Brougham and Sir A. Alison, that what seems such was caused by vacillation and timidity. No one claims for King William the character of fortitude or great sagacity; yet frankness and real wishes for his people's good, apart from mere vain love of temporary popularity, were the characteristics of his mind and conduct.

CONVERSATION.*

Of all arts there is none in which Englishmen are so deficient as that of conversation. The English are emphatically a non-conversational race. Every Englishman, said Novalis, is an island. We are reserved and unsocial, and therefore generally as disinclined for, as incapable of conversation. Six people will travel in a first-class carriage from London to York and yet never get into conversation. There may be short grunts from one, and faint attempts at hilarity from another; there may be half-a-dozen sentences about the weather, and as many about Mr. Reuter's latest telegram from Sicily; there may be a sharp "Good day, sir," at the end of the journey; but during the whole two hundred miles there has probably not been five minutes of genuine conversation. Travelling, however, is perhaps an abnormal condition. But take the various public dining rooms of London, and the state of things is much the same. You see four men (not shy boys but full-grown men of business), sit at the same table for an hour, and never open their mouths except to insert food or ask for the salt, each apparently sunk in a profound reverie, and looking much as we can imagine Newton when he was sitting in his orchard. As for the formal dinner party, that has become proverbial for stiffness and silence; and the conversation is generally made up of the pompous enunciations of some old gentleman with a goodly paunch, the conceited flimsiness of a youngster from the university, the untimely witticisms of somebody who will be cheerful, and probably an occasional titter or stately smile from some of "the elegant and accomplished" females present. There is, indeed, one time when Englishmen can and do converse, and that is after the withdrawal of the fair sex. Then, we confess we get real conversation worthy the name. Disraeli says that this half-hour after dinner, when the ladies are gone, does more than any other national institution to form the national character. On the whole, however, people endorse the doctrine of the gentleman who considered conversation as the bane of society.

In France this is very different. Before we have travelled half-a-dozen miles there has been more talk than would have been accomplished in a journey from Dover to Aberdeen. Of course the British patriot will say French talk is but brainless chatter; but as this sort of patriotism is fast dying out, we need not stay to show the error of its ways. In France

conversation is an art—an art, however, with unwritten rules. In fact a treatise on conversation, with laws and precepts, is about as valuable as a manual for swimming. A man may read a dozen books, but the only way of learning to swim is to throw away the books and plunge into the water. A man may learn all that has ever been said or written in the way of rules for conversation, but after all he can only learn to talk by talking. He must throw himself into the flood, and hold his own as he best may. There is only one fundamental rule of conversation that we know of, and that is common to many other arts, namely—to know what you are talking about. Mill, in some brilliant remarks on style, says the chief or only law for the style of a writer is that he should be thoroughly acquainted with his subject. That intimate acquaintance will form the best of all styles. It is precisely the same in talking. No man can be a good talker who has not got something to say. He may be flashing and brilliant on a very small stock of knowledge, or even on no knowledge at all, except such as he may pick up from what is said by those around him; but merely brilliant conversation does not make a good talker. Know your subject well, and you cannot fail to talk well about it. To understand this rule, we must divest ourselves of the notion that he is the best talker who can pour forth the greatest number of sharp, epigrammatic sayings. The best talker is he who says most that is worth hearing. Perhaps there is a difference between the best talker and the best conversationalist. Conversation implies dialogue, and there have been men of profound genius who were yet unable to excel in dialogue. Madame de Staël said of Coleridge, for instance, that he was a master of monologue, but had no skill in dialogue. There are others again who do not converse, but flash—men who are the dark-lanterns of talk, emitting a bright, keen saying at intervals, and then relapsing into entire silence. These can scarcely be called good talkers—they are rather the condiment of conversation.

The reader may guess from what has been already said that we were not inclined to look with much favour upon any "Rhetoric of Conversation" any more than we should be towards a "Manual of Swimming," or "Art of Skating." Such works may teach fine tricks and flourishes, but they will never produce genuine or substantial excellences. The volume before us comes from America, and has been thought worthy of an English edition and an English editor. We fear, however, that the English public will scarcely appreciate its value. It is a mixture of commonplace and cant, of Tupper and the Handbook of Etiquette. For instance, we are told that conversations with unbelievers on the subject of personal religion is a much neglected duty, and that it ought to be performed in a sweet and unpretending manner; and again, that it is not honourable to attack our opponent when his mouth is so occupied with masticating that he cannot defend himself; for, says the author, "if he hesitates or seems confused, the party may think he is nonplused by the arguments of his adversary, when he is only nonplused by some delicious morsel." This precept quite reminds one of those commonly found in works on etiquette, such as "do not pick your teeth with your fork," "you are not expected to blow your nose on your napkin," or, "it is not consistent with the highest breeding to put your knife into your mouth." What an elegant scene does the author call up by the magic power of his pen! We can imagine on one side the "masticating opponent" rolling in his mouth the delicious

morsel, preferring polemic defeat to baulking his palate, and willing to sacrifice truth to turbot, religion and philosophy to roast pheasant, piety to pie. On the other side, we may observe the unjustly triumphant adversary attributing to the force of his logic an embarrassment which springs from a mouthful of sweetbread or an unlucky piece of gristle, whilst the party is no less mistaken as to the origin of the masticating opponent's discomfiture. Suppose, again, the adversary disobeyed the writer's injunction, and continued to press his opponent when the said opponent's mouth was full, what painful consequences might ensue, if in his anxiety for the triumph of his opinions, the opponent rushing to the rescue were with generous ardour to bolt the delicious but unmasticated morsel, and fall a martyr for truth, a victim of indigestion! In fact, what an enormous benefit would accrue to the cause of truth and justice by the observance of our author's simple but invaluable precept!

Many of our readers will probably learn with astonishment that "tobacco smoking as an accompaniment of household talk is now confined only to the vulgar and to swells." We cannot discover whether this statement is from the author or the editor, for the resemblance between their respective styles is most perplexing; probably, however, it is due to the latter. Whoever of the two it may be, we cannot congratulate him on his felicitousness of expression. First of all, *confined only* is not the most appropriate of expressions. Next, what is the precise connotation of the term "swells?" "Swell" must mean either well-bred or ill-bred. If the author uses it in the latter sense, it is synonymous with vulgar, and therefore entirely redundant; if in the former, swells and vulgar are an exhaustive account of the whole population, and tobacco smoking in household talk is "confined only" to everybody. In the same place we are told that Cowper "*makes a launch upon those smoking colloquists*," &c.

We may notice another truly novel and original statement couched in the choicest language:—"When debaters are *roiled* and boisterous, it requires some address to pacify them aright." Even if *roiled* is a good word in America, surely it was the duty of the editor to have expunged or translated it when adapting it for the English public. In fact, the originality of the author is only equalled by the profundity of the editor. Speaking of tales and stories, the author remarks that to improve these in the relating is a laudable aim: on which the editor observes "it is to give them their setting." On the same topic the writer gives us the following profound advice:—

"If another tells an anecdote or story with which you are already familiar, do not intimate that you have already heard it before, unless the question is asked you, and in confessing that you have, signify your wish to hear it again, that others present may not be deprived of the pleasure of hearing it for the first time."—(P. 191.)

The cheerful view which the author takes of mundane things may be easily judged, when we inform our readers that it is his conviction that "the most pious persons are especially *exposed* to occasional bursts of mirth." Just as if a burst of mirth were a thing to be on one's guard against, like an east wind or an infectious fever. At the same time we must do our author the justice to say that he admits that "a certain degree of joyousness is sanctioned or even fostered by our religion." What amount is implied in this indefinite phrase may be gathered from other portions of this lively work. For example, we are told that a joke is "an air-drawn dagger" from which our flesh instinctively shrinks; and that we do

* *The Rhetoric of Conversation, with Hints, Especially to Christians, on the Use of the Tongue.* By G. W. Hervey. Edited, with Introduction, by the Rev. Stephen Jenner, M.A. (London: Bentley. 1860.)

well to consider that wit is a skittish faculty. The editor, however, is somewhat more lax, and says that conversation would be a dull thing if it were never enlivened by wit, or never sparkled with pleasantry—which sounds to us very like that famous statement, that had those children staid at home, they had not all been drowned. We may congratulate the author on the consistency with which he adheres to his principle, and the eminent success which has attended his efforts to overcome the skittish faculty in question.

We have selected one or two of the most recondite of those precepts for conversation which the volume contains. After a recital that has produced an effect, we should not repeat it for the purpose of raising a second burst of applause. Nor, again, should we repeat an anecdote which did not appear to be understood the first time, or attempt to explain it, or point out the ludicrous part of it. Mimicry is to be shunned. One of the uses of anecdotes is to give a profitable turn to talk when it is taking a wrong direction; and the Christian who has at command a variety of religious anecdotes, possesses a means of great usefulness. We should in general tell such anecdotes as are novel. It is not wise to set ourselves to tell an anecdote unless we are familiar with it. We must add, that it is not wise to write a book unless you know something about the subject.

We will not touch upon the mass of cant which composes the fourth part of the work, on the uses of conversation. From this it appears that the chief use of conversation is an impertinent remonstrance with those who hold different opinions from yourself, *i. e.* "sons of Belial whom no man can speak to," "unbelievers," "sons and daughters of folly," and the like. We will conclude by denying most emphatically one of the writer's assertions. "Reading," he says, "increases our stock of ideas." This depends entirely upon the book, and we could point out some works which will not increase our stock of ideas, however small, one jot. If any man is such a fool as to need the precepts in the volume before us, he is too great a fool to profit by them.

FLORA CAPENSIS.*

THE importance of botany, and the increasing interest of its study, renders such a work as the one before us a valuable addition to the stores of information and research belonging to this favourite science. There is, moreover, a wide field for an inquiry of this kind in the British South African provinces, a portion of the globe of late more fully investigated, and becoming a colony of rapidly-growing importance. The names of the authors of "Flora Capensis" are both well-known: that of Dr. William Harvey, professor of botany in the University of Dublin, throughout Great Britain and Ireland; and that of Dr. Otto Wilhelm Sonder, the pupil of the late Professor Lehmann, throughout the Continent. The work consists of a clear and concise descriptive catalogue of the vegetable productions of the western and eastern provinces, and an outline sketch of the northern and north-eastern regions, and of the Natal colony; the authors admitting the imperfect portrayal of the vegetation of Great Namaqualand, Betschuana-land, the Orange River Free State, and the Transvaal Republic, which

all lie beyond the river Gariep. The authors have availed themselves of every accessible collection of plants from these last-named regions; but so few botanical travellers have yet explored them, save in some scattered spots, that their vegetation is as yet all but unknown. The authors state, from what they know, "of the plants of Transvaal, especially of its mountains and high plateaus, that country promises to the botanist the richest harvest yet ungathered in South Africa; and the long mountain range that divides Caffraria from the western regions, while it limits the distribution of the greater portion of the sub-tropical types that mingle in the Cape Flora, probably still retains in its unexplored wilds multitudes of interesting plants. This we infer from the fact that almost every small package of specimens received from the Natal or the Transvaal district contains not only new species, but new genera; and some of the latter are of so marked and isolated a character as to lead us to infer the existence in the same region of unknown types that may better connect them with genera and orders already known."

At the conclusion of the work the authors propose to give a general introduction, which will embrace the geographical relations of the flora, and include a summary of the labours of botanical explorers in South Africa, and of the various treatises that have been written on South African plants. The student who may consult this volume is supposed to have sufficient knowledge to tell him whether the plant he wishes to name is described in this volume, which contains the Thalamiflori (or polypetalous exogens with hypogynous stamens,) and six orders of calyciflorae. If, therefore, he finds his plant *exogenous, polypetalous*, and with *hypogynous*, or somewhat *perigynous*, but not *epigynous* stamens, he will not find it in this first volume.

Supposing it to be *polypetalous*, with *hypogynous* stamens, and he does not know to what order it should be referred, he will find a very useful table, headed, "Sequence of natural orders." In order that the work may prove a useful book of reference to the widest circle of the colonial public, it is written in the English language, as it would be comparatively useless if composed in Latin. A great merit in its construction is the avoidance of unnecessary technical words or phrases, when a common English expression conveys as definite a meaning. In the majority of cases the authors have used the ordinary botanical terms, as being the briefest and clearest for the purpose; and an "Outline Introduction to Botany," and an "Index of Terms," are included in the pages of the work, as a guide to the student. The authors found it impossible to add English names to the genera and principal species, for the following reasons:—"1st, English names of plants are of no certain application, and often differ in different districts of England; and, for aught the authors know, may have acquired new meanings in the colony. 2nd, The number of Cape genera having established English names is extremely few; and often the same English name is applicable to several genera. Thus the colonial name '*milkbush*' signifies not merely a *Gompercarpus*, but *Asclepiadeous* plant, and would probably also be given to a shrubby *Euphorbia*, or any milky-juiced plant. "*Zuurbesjes*" is given to several distinct and widely-separated shrubs or trees, which happen to agree in having acid, edible fruits. "*Blumbosch*," has a still wider range of meaning; and so of other colonial names. 3rd, English names for genera, being comparatively few, if we had

adopted the practice of always giving English names, we could only accomplish the feat by inventing colloquial names or *soubriquets*, *i. e.* introducing *barbarous* words—a practice we do not think desirable to follow. If colonial names do exist for a large number of genera, colonial botanists must communicate them to the authors, before the latter can be expected to know them, or their application. We can determine the botanical name, if it have one, of any unnamed plant sent to us; but no amount of sagacity or learning could discover for us the proper colonial or local name." The authors have availed themselves of large contributions of botanical specimens, from many colonial persons interested in the prosecution of the science, including Dr. Pappa, the celebrated colonial botanist, who has been long resident at the Cape, and is familiar with all its botany, and is the owner of a most valuable collection of dried plants, including those originally in the possession of the late Charles Zeyher, from the duplicates of which he has furnished the authors with many varieties. Sir William Hooker has aided Drs. Harvey and Sonder, by throwing open the Kew herbarium to them, and permitting them to study the specimens at Dublin and Hamburg; and they have been ably assisted in their labours by many distinguished botanists in different parts of the Continent. But perhaps the most essential aid has been afforded them in the prosecution of their work by that zealous, indefatigable, and much-esteemed man, Sir George Grey, the governor and commander-in-chief of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, who proposed to the Parliament of South Africa that a grant of money, at the rate of £150 per volume, should be made for relieving the cost of publication. This thoughtful kindness on the part of the Governor was increased by a government notice inviting contributions of dried specimens of plants from persons residing within the colonies, or the neighbouring Free States, to be forwarded to the Colonial Office, Cape Town, and from thence to the authors of "Flora Capensis" free of expense. Such an act cannot be too much commended or known. It is entirely in keeping with his enlarged views, his anxiety to promote the arts of peace, and foster and augment science, which so materially contributes to the civilisation of mankind. The "Outlines of an Introduction to Systematic Botany" is brief, but lucid; the definitions of plants and flowers, their anatomy and physiology, their collection, preservation, and examination, clear and intelligible. A work on the botany of so prolific a region as British South Africa, so ably treated, was greatly to be desired. *Materia medica* will be strengthened; new medicaments discovered; in fact, it will prove a boon to the whole human race. We shall look forward to the publication of the second volume with increased pleasure.

TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN OVER SPAIN.*

OUR readers are probably aware that astronomers just now are in a great bustle of preparation, to welcome with all due honours the solar eclipse, which will be visible and total on the 18th of July over great part of Spain, the Mediterranean, and the North of Africa. Under the most favourable circumstances, when the sun is in apogee, and the moon in

* *Flora Capensis; a Systematic Description of the Plants of the Cape Colony, Caffraria, and Port Natal.* By William H. Harvey, M.D., F.R.S., and Otto Wilhelm Sonder, Ph.D., Hamburg. Vol. I. (Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.)

* *Observations to Accompany the Map of the Shadow Path thrown by the Total Eclipse of the Sun on the 18th of July, 1860, Across the North-Eastern Part of Spain.* By Charles Vignoles, F.R.S. (London: Longmans.)

perigree, and when consequently the angular or apparent diameter of the moon is greatest, and of the sun least, the time of total obscuration of the sun's disc is four minutes; in the present instance it will be about three minutes, thirty-five seconds, or within half a minute of the maximum duration. The eclipse will therefore be especially interesting, on account of its completeness, and the sufficient period during which it will be possible to study the remarkable appearances attending total immersion; while the fact that the centre of the shadow passes over Spain, is a most fortunate and re-assuring one for astronomers, as in all probability the phenomenon will be witnessed in a clear sky. A cloudy sky in summer, in those latitudes, is of as rare occurrence as an unclouded one has been this month past at home, where it would seem that the sun has been rehearsing, and only with too much success, for the great performance in Spain. In addition to a goodly staff of earnest philosophers, crowds of pleasure-seekers will no doubt soon be wending their way southward, to enjoy the treat that Phœbus is preparing for them, and grand indeed is that treat—perhaps the most magnificent spectacle that the telescope of the astronomer at rare intervals reveals to the eyes of a favoured few. As the vast majority of our readers have not yet been amongst that favoured few, nor will be on this occasion, we will endeavour to picture from the descriptions of others, what we may not behold with our own eyes. All of us have no doubt, at some time or another, seen an annular, or at least a partial eclipse of the sun—that is, an eclipse in which, from the relative positions of the sun, moon, and earth, the sun was not wholly obscured; but such an eclipse gives not the faintest idea of the peculiar wonders that result from a perfect veiling of the sun. It is only when not a star-point of the solar surface is left unblotted out, that the grand mystery may be said to begin in earnest; it is then that the silver-white corona of glory, edged and pointed with rose-red flames, is beheld to burst out and encircle the black velvet disc of the moon; in a few moments, ere we have half-looked our fill, this beautiful vision fades and dies out, and now a chain of dazzling points of light, like a diamond necklace—so one observer describes them—flash forth from the moon's shoulder, and join on and run into each other, until they complete the sickle-shaped edge of the emerging sun. Turning to our own orb, we mark the sweeping away, almost as if from under our feet, of the shadow of the passing eclipse, browning the distant sky as with the gloom of a driving storm. One half of the landscape is lighted up in ghastly dawn, such as we may fancy to have paled above the "last man," when "the sun's eye had a sickly glare." Over the other half broods the darkness of an unnatural night, through which the stars glimmer dim and wearily, as though with half-open eyes; a night not of healthy rest and orderly quiet, but of silence without sleep—of suspended existence, astonishment, and fear. Such, in a few words, are the leading phenomena of a total solar eclipse, as we have gathered them from the various observers, quoted by Mr. Vignolles in the beautiful work he has lately circulated, in a handsome but slender quarto, including a map, on the extensive scale of eight miles to the inch, with a charming deep blue cover, in the centre of which flames a golden sun—an emblem and quasi picture of the sun-lit sky of Spain—of which country, and the great event there to come off, we are presented with a succinct and well-digested account, sufficient for travellers' purposes. Mr. Vignolles

informs us that it is by no means easy to obtain accurate charts of the interior of Spain; and to supply a want which must be especially felt by the *savans* who will be travelling there this summer, he has constructed a topographical map of so much of the Peninsula as will be in complete shadow. The time of total obscuration at any point, is seen at once by reference to the map, which is crossed by red lines with the time marked on them; so that all we have to do, if we would know the duration of the eclipse at a particular station, is to see to which red line it is nearest, and the time indicated will be nearly that which is required.

The text of the work consists of a collection of useful notes, relating not only to the eclipse, mode of viewing it, &c., &c., but also to the best and easiest methods of travelling to the different towns near the central line, or to such parts of the country as may be selected as stations; as, for instance, the summits of hills, &c., which, by allowing us a wide and uninterrupted horizon, will enable observations to be taken not merely of the sun, but of the atmospheric appearances. Mr. Vignolles, descending from the high position of a *savant*, has even condescended to think of the comforts of the ladies who may be induced to brave a journey in Spain, and that during the dog-days, and advises them not to take English servants, but rather to look out for a *femme de chambre* at Bayonne, who might be hired for the season. "English servants are worse than useless abroad," says Mr. Vignolles; but our own experience, and it has been great in such matters, emphatically contradicts this dictum; no doubt, however, in this particular instance, the recommendation given is a sound one. To all who intend making the trip, whether wise or foolish, philosophers or tourists, are frankly recommended this very pretty and useful brochure; and even to those stay-at-homes who have money to spend upon books which they do not want, except by way of furniture, we also advocate the claims of the "Shadow Path over Spain" as at least a nice ornament for a drawing-room table.

'Tis a tickling idea, that of a scientific invasion of Spain! of a horde of Noyos in the land of Cervantes and Torquemada! a ludicrous incongruity, as of a Hansom bowling through the streets of Athens, or of an omnibus setting down at the nearest point to the Pyramid of Cheops. Only imagine, reader, the long file of mules laden with sextants, transit instruments, thermometers, barometers, stout, pale ale, sandwiches, and Cambridge, not Spanish dons! Picture to yourself the reeking powdered caravan worming over stony burning roads, between scorched and dusty olive and cork trees, or by the shore of bays "the peacock's neck in hue," the bronzed merry handsome muleteers, and the agonised stiff and perspiring *savans*, as in melancholy silence they tramp along on their fiery pilgrimage. The nineteenth century is indeed the Voltaire of the ages. Do not railways now disgorge by thousands their Cockney freight into the bosom of the Eternal City? Do not Anglo-Saxon heretics swarm in the central shrine of Christendom, and hustle his Holiness even at the very altar of St. Peter's? "The sacred streams flow backwards; all things are changed." Well may we take up the mournful chant of Euripides! Spain, the last stronghold of mediæval Idealism, must that be stormed by Johnian Volunteers—the trained bands of Hymers and Hopkins—nay, even perchance the very helmet of Mambrino, wrenched from the brows of the Knight of La Mancha, to be borne in triumph by an Aïry or an Adams?

LEAVES OF GRASS.*

Nor the least surprising thing about this book is its title. Had it been called "Stench from the Sewer," "Garbage from the Gutter," or "Squeals from the Sty," we could have discerned the application. But "leaves"—which, we take it, is the Transatlantic for blades—"of grass" have nothing of irreligion or indecency about them. Mr. Walt Whitman—for it is with that choice spirit we are now dealing—might as well let them alone.

It is, for reasons we shall presently specify, rather a difficult matter to give the class of readers for whom we write, any adequate notion of this remarkable volume. Let them, however, imagine a Mormon, a medical student, and Miss Eugenie Plummer combining to draw up a treatise in the style of "Proverbial Philosophy," and they will have a faint idea of the last production of Mr. Walt Whitman.

The folly of the work is its least defect. The gregarious qualities of birds of a feather furnish matter for a very common aphorism, and we therefore see no reason to question the correctness of the subjoined assertion:—

"The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,
Fa-hoak! he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation;

The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listen close,
I find its purpose and place up there toward the wintry sky."

The following forms the conclusion of a pretty long rhapsody of the author concerning himself. We extract it because it is more decent and not more foolish than the rest of the volume:—

"I too am not a bit tamed—I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

"The last scud of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness, after the rest, and true as any, on
the shadowed wilds,
It coaxes me to the vapour and the dusk.

"I depart as air—I shake my white locks at the run-away
men,
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.

"I bequeath myself to the dirt, to grow from the grass I
love,
If you want me again, look for me under your boot-soles.

"You will hardly know who I am, or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

"Failing to fetch me at first, keep encouraged,
Missing me one place, search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you."

It is related of poor crazy Nat Lee that when a small poet asked him if it was not very easy to write like a madman, he replied, "No; but it is very easy indeed to write like a fool, as you do." Doubtless Mr. Walt Whitman imagines he is writing like a madman, when, as a matter of fact, he is only writing like—Nat Lee's friend.

He tells us that the world is not devout enough—that he understands "Him who was crucified;" and in general tries to impress upon us that he is an apostle of no mean pretensions. But his creed, so far as we can understand it, consists in a peculiarly coarse materialism. He tells us pretty roundly that he worships his own body, and people who would like to learn a great number of particulars about Mr. Walt Whitman's body, may find them in Mr. Walt Whitman's book.

Throughout the work there is a tone of consistent impurity which reaches its climax in some compositions entitled "Enfans d'Adam"—a designation which we can only explain by imagining it to contain some allusion to the Adamites, of which interesting, though, as we had supposed, extinct sect, Mr. Walt Whitman is a very fair representative. For the downright foulness of some of these passages we do not believe that a parallel could be found even by

* *Leaves of Grass*. (Boston: Thayer and Eldridge, year 85 of the States—1860-61. London: Trübner.)

ransacking the worst classical poets from Aristophanes to Ausonius, and we are rather surprised that with John Lord Campbell on the woolsack, and a certain act of his still unrepealed on the statute-book, Mr. Walt Whitman should have found a London vendor for his uncleanly work.

This is more decided language than we generally employ, and our readers may ask us for some justification of it. Let us remind them of Lord Macaulay's description of Wycherley, which we can certainly apply to Walt Whitman. "His indecency is protected against the critics as a skunk is protected against the hunters. It is safe because it is too filthy to handle, and too noisome even to approach." There are certain criminals whom even literary judges must try with closed doors, and our readers must deduce from our verdict that "the evidence is unfit for publication." We say, then, deliberately, that of all the writers we have ever perused, Mr. Walt Whitman is the most silly, the most blasphemous, and the most disgusting; if we can think of any stronger epithets, we will print them in a second edition.

BOOKS ON FISHING.*

THE alarming decrease in the number of salmon during the last ten years is a prevalent theme of complaint among the brothers of the rod. It has been confidently asserted that the days of the salmon are numbered—that the fish is gradually becoming extinct in the British waters, and doomed shortly to be ranked in the same category as the bustard and the badger. It must be confessed that there is a considerable substratum of truth in these forebodings. The great competition for the privilege of fishing, and the assiduity with which the sport is pursued, together with the disgraceful practice, unhappily too common, of capturing "foul" fish, have not only enhanced the difficulty of procuring the right of fishery, but have also seriously affected the breeding of salmon. Even the rivers of Norway, which a few years back were virgin streams, and open to the rod of any adventurous sportsman, are now jealously preserved by the native landowners, on account of the high rentals obtainable from English tenants—so much so, that there is scarcely a mile of free salmon water to be found in the whole country. English anglers have therefore good reason to congratulate themselves on the new field of action which the author of "Salmon Fishing in Canada" has opened out to them. We quote from chapter V. :—

"Out of about thirty-five magnificent streams which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence from the northern shore, in all of which salmon are known to abound, only nine or ten of them have ever had a fly thrown upon their unexplored waters. . . . Think of this, ye anglers, who have been all your lives pacing the margin of some overfished rivers in England!—think of this, ye persevering labourers on the well-beaten waters of the Tweed, the Tay, the Esk, the Don, the Spey, the Ness, and the Beuly!—think of this, ye tired thrashers of the well-netted streams of Erne, Moy, and Shannon!—think that within less than a fortnight's steaming from your hall doors there are yet twenty-five virgin rivers in one small portion of Canada, and that of the ten which have been tried they have all, with one single exception, been found not only to abound with salmon, but to afford ample facilities for taking that noble fish with the rod and the fly."

The inducements held out are great indeed;

* *Salmon Fishing in Canada*. By a Resident. Edited by Colonel Sir James Edward Alexander, Knight, K.C.L.S. (London: Longman, Green, Longman and Roberts. 1860.)

Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History. By Cornwall Simeon. (London: Macmillan and Co., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. 1860.)

but, alas! *non curis homini contingit*, be he the most enthusiastic lover of the craft breathing, to undertake a journey to Quebec, albeit only fourteen days' "steaming from his own hall door." Yet this is but the first step in his difficulties. "From Quebec the fisherman must set sail in his yacht to the fishing ground." "But it is just possible," naively remarks our author, "that the gentleman may not have a yacht of his own or a friend's to embark in. What is he to do? He must hire a schooner." Then follows a list of the advantages a hired schooner has over a private yacht, the facility you have of despatching "your vessel to Metis, Matan, or the Rivière du Loup, for sheep, butter, eggs, and potatoes," together with the details of the expense of hire of crew, provisions, servants, &c. All this is exceedingly pleasant and aristocratic, but we fear the majority of "honest anglers" will sigh in vain for the realisation of such piscatorial bliss, and have to content themselves with the comparatively insignificant sport afforded by their native rivers, or a casual trip into Norway. But to those who are fortunate enough to be able to avail themselves of the author's invitation, and are bent on a Canadian fishing tour, the volume before us will afford material assistance. It abounds in information, not only respecting the fishing localities, the varieties of Canadian flies, and other piscatorial matter, but also contains many useful hints, evidently the results of personal experience, as to tents, bedding, dress, &c., which cannot fail to be of service to the sportsman who contemplates "roughing it" in the backwoods.

The book, on the whole, is pleasantly and cleverly written. The author is evidently, as all anglers should be, a true lover of nature, and some of his descriptions of Canadian scenery are given with considerable effect. The work is nevertheless not without its blemishes. The chapter on "Whale Fishing in the St. Lawrence," and the one entitled, "A Sunday at the Saguenay," are isolated from the main subject, and in our opinion might have been advantageously omitted. In the latter, the author or editor has actually gone to the absurdity of giving a *verbatim report of the "bishop's" sermon to the extent of twenty pages!*

The appendix is of considerable value, as it contains some remarks "On the disease, restoration, and preservation of salmon in Canada," by the Rev. W. A. Adamson, D.C.L.; various extracts from the report of the commissioner of the crown-lands (1860); on the fisheries of the gulf and river St. Lawrence; a list of the principal salmon streams—together with a synopsis of the laws for the preservation and regulation of the trout and salmon fisheries of Canada; the whole of which we especially recommend to the attention of all who are meditating a fishing excursion among the tributaries of the St. Lawrence.

"Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History," is, as the author informs us in his preface, merely a collection of loose leaves from the note-book of an angler, written originally without any view to publication, and now presented to the reader without any attempt at order, or a more connected arrangement. Preparatory deprecations of this character are too commonly only the excuses of indolence or incapacity; but Mr. Simeon may be fairly acquitted of both these charges. Written in a hearty and sportsmanlike spirit—breathing freshly of the river side, and abounding in quaint and piquant anecdote, the matter of this little book atones in great measure for its rough and unconnected style; as it is by no means deficient in sound practical information, at

once profitable to the tyro, and entertaining to the proficient in the "gentle art."

Mr. Cornwall Simeon is evidently a genuine angler, and combines an enthusiastic love of his craft with a familiar acquaintance with nature and her marvels, and a keen appreciation of the picturesque. In fact the volume before us, as may be gathered from the title page, is not solely a treatise upon angling, but is divided into parts, one of which is devoted to fish and fishing, and the other to speculations on natural history. The intimate relations subsisting between these branches of sport and science, are well characterised by our author. On these subjects we cannot refrain from quoting his own language, which, we are assured, will find an echo in the heart of every true "brother of the angle." After commenting on the incompatibility of the sister sports of hunting and shooting, as sports, with a calm contemplation of nature, owing to the season and manner in which they are pursued, he continues :—

"But how different in the angler's case! Not only is an accurate knowledge of some branches of natural history essential to him who would excel in his art, but all the circumstances attending it—the genial character of the season which peculiarly calls him forth; the beauty of the scenery into which he is naturally led, with all its sweet accompaniments,

"Rivers to whose shallow falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;

the soothing and thought-awakening influence of the water itself—Nature's store-house in which she locks up her wonders; the numberless and varied forms of animal and vegetable life, which can hardly fail to arrest his attention, and excite his interest, many of them by reason of the silence and quiet necessary for his sport, being seen to especial advantage—all these things combine not only to present the works of nature before him in their most attractive form, but at the same time peculiarly dispose his mind to meditate on the impressions they can hardly fail to make on it. The book of nature is in fact opened before his eyes—nay, obtruded on his notice, written in such distinct and inviting characters, that he must indeed be blind of eye and dull of apprehension if he do not, to some extent at any rate, attain to a knowledge and love of her language."

Does not this read like a refreshing page from old Isaac himself?

Nor does the author belie his great model in the practical treatment of his subject. In part I he comes forward in the character of the rough and ready gossiping old angler, plunging at once in *medias res*, and grappling with them manfully. He treats first on spinning, and gives some instructive directions about the rod, line, rings, trace, hooks, &c. All anglers must be aware what a *vezant questio* the comparative merits of various kinds of spinning-tackle has ever been among the craft. Mr. Simeon appears to lean towards the old-fashioned flight of three treble hooks, and the sliding lip-hook, which he uses by inserting one of the former in the back, and the other in the tail, of the bait. Has he ever made trial of the same tackle threaded with a baiting-needle, the upper treble hook being adjusted at the vent?

The method of shooting the trace here explained and illustrated, is very ingenious, but the author does not make it sufficiently clear whether it is intended to be applied to spinning for jack or trout. For the former, and perhaps for trout in the Thames, where the water is deep and discoloured, this method is doubtless feasible; but for a shallow stream, where the water is perfectly bright, which constitutes the perfection of the art of spinning, we hold it to be absolutely essential that the lead should be in the body of the bait. We

are aware that this method has been objected to on the ground that it tends to destroy the minnow, but the concealment of the lead, which would otherwise be liable to scare the fish, will, we believe, more than counterbalance this disadvantage. After a brief chapter on artificial baits, of which he seems to entertain a high opinion, our author proceeds to give some account of the habits, growth, and feeding of carp; and then follows a very pleasant and readable chapter on fly-fishing, which, for practical purposes, is perhaps the best in the book.

Some observations on sea fish and salt-water fishing, combining several excellent hints on dress, &c., for this kind of sport, with an account of an angling campaign in Glengarry, occupy the next thirty or forty pages. And part I. is brought to a close by a strange rambling chapter on fish, flesh, fowls, snakes, toad-stools, and "sour skate."

Of Part II. we can offer no epitome. It is a curious *olla podrida* of heterogeneous anecdotes, embracing almost the whole brute creation. It contains many quaint illustrations of the effects of animal instinct, and evinces great observation and research on the part of the writer. But we cannot help thinking that the division into two parts was an unfortunate afterthought, and that the attempt to introduce method into his madness, by the affectation of a uniformity which he has ignored throughout, detracts in some measure from the rude charm of "Stray Notes."

NEW NOVELS.

Alice Lisle: a Tale of Puritan Times. By the Rev. R. King, B.A. (London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1860.) It is no unusual thing for a judge in sentencing a prisoner to enforce the righteousness of his conviction by reminding him that he has had the assistance of very able counsel and the benefit of a very ingenious defence. We always look upon the Puritans in a somewhat similar spirit. Everything that can be said in their favour has been urged, and urged well. From the pithy copiousness of his early essays to the polished maturity of his history, Lord Macaulay has advanced every possible justification for their acts; and, with a vigour peculiarly his own, Mr. Kingsley has followed on the same side. Still the general verdict has not been altered, and the gloomy and fanatic side of the Puritan character is regarded with as little liking as ever. In the volume before us, Mr. King does his best to put his Puritan characters in an amiable and attractive light, and the result is that they lose all distinctive individuality. In fact, they are not Puritans—only quiet, respectable, religious people. The following deathbed scene will illustrate what we mean; it is prettily written, but, as any one at all conversant with the histories or the writings of the Puritans will perceive, utterly unreal:—

"They entered the room. Gifford was sleeping; the calm look and tranquil slumber caused Lisle to say, 'Alice, he is sleeping so peacefully that I do not think we need fear any ill.'

"'No ill can betide him,' said 'Alice; 'he has for the last week been trying to settle all his worldly affairs, and some of the gifted brethren have been here to pray with him; but they all say that they come to learn the way to die, and not to teach.'

"Alice burst into tears, then checking her emotion, she moved slowly out of the room, followed by her husband. Lisle could not tell her of his success at Northallerton, for all his pleasure was gone when he saw that the man who had been his dearest friend was lying between life and death; he could not but believe his end to be very near. Alice said that he had forbidden her to write about his illness at first, but she could not obey him; for 'he said that you were in the path of duty, therefore he would not recall you, however much he wished your return; but when he seemed to feel his end was approaching, then he was very anxious, asking

many times in the day if you had been heard of, and when we said 'No,' he said 'God grant me strength to see him before I die; and his prayer has been heard, for he has not slept so soundly for the last week.'

"His prayers have been often heard," said Lisle. 'He has lived as if death would never be a surprise. His prison life has been useful to many a poor soul, and he will not be soon forgotten.'

"Lisle and Alice went to the dying man's room: he said, 'Lisle, is it you? God bless you, my son; my prayers are heard. Let me bless you before I die.'

"He then asked to be raised up, and although exhausted by the effort, he prayed, blessing them as his dear children; then he said, 'I have wished to go again to the Grange: it may be only the restlessness which comes before the end; but if God willed, I could look a farewell with pleasure on the scene of much happiness, and much anxious care. There first I knew the Lord: there I taught in His name, and there,—he paused,—yes, Alice, I will rest beside your mother. She was a loving wife, Alice; we shall meet again.'

"Do not exhaust yourself, father," said Alice, deeply moved.

"No, no, my child; but I must speak now; I shall soon—soon, be silent. Lisle, I do not regret the course I have taken. I must soon give my account. I have not shed any man's blood willingly.'

"Nor except in self-defence," said Lisle.

"Nor except in self-defence," repeated the dying man. 'But peace, my son, seek for peace; the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.'

"There was a long silence; the difficulty of breathing became so marked, that Alice feared each moment would be the last. Lisle knelt to pray, and implored the mercy of God for one who had been the friend of the afflicted.

"Say for a poor weaker sinner," gasped the dying man. 'God be merciful to me, for Christ's sake!'

"Again they saw him doze and wake. 'I am going home;—yes, Mary, it is time.'

"Father!" said Alice, 'father!'

"Yes, my child; I am going home. Your mother is there."

Contrast with this the account—we cite it only to exemplify the Puritan theology—of Cromwell's deathbed, and of the great Protector dying with a terrible calmness under the assurance given him by Hugh Peters, that having once been in a state of grace he could never fall from it. The name of Alice Lisle, indeed, has always received and merited respect and sympathy. Of all the victims of the Bloody Assize, there is none whose fate has left so deep a stain even on the evil memory of Jeffreys. A sort of fictitious biography of her has been here made the vehicle for introducing scenes, incidents, and characters from the Great Rebellion to Monmouth's insurrection. In one respect, we notice, Mr. King has violated historical accuracy by making John Lisle, the husband of Alice, after a narrow escape, die peacefully. As a matter of fact, Lisle was assassinated at Geneva by some of the same Irish adventurers who attempted the life of Edmund Ludlow. Mr. King's subject was a good one, but in spite of a pleasant style, and one or two nice pieces of description, we cannot regard his book as a success. It lacks unity of interest and clearness of plot. Great historical characters are brought in, without our gaining any more definite idea of the men than we had already; and great historical events are drily enumerated, in a manner which reminds us of "Pinnock's Catechisms," or "Mangnall's Questions."

Adrift; or, the Fortunes of Connor Blake. By Biddulph Warner. (James Blackwood. 1860.) In the present age of subjective novels, when we get nothing in works of fiction but a fictitious analysis of motive and purpose, it is quite a treat to meet with a genuine, hearty, rollicking romance like the work before us, full of incidents and adventure. "Adrift" is the most amusing book of the season, and at the same time, it is much more than amusing; it contains pictures of one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time, and we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. Warner's account of Australian life

the most graphic that we have yet seen. The whole scene is vividly brought before us, and we obtain as good an idea of life in "the colony" from these pages as we do of Crimean adventures in Mr. Russell's letters. Mr. Warner is evidently a native of the Sister Isle, and he does more than keep up the national reputation for hearty wit and genial vivacity. We will not do either the author or our readers the injustice of detailing the plot. Of course, there is a hero and a heroine, and a marriage, and a villain, and a demi-heroine. These are common to all novels, but in the work before us they are all invested with more than ordinary interest. The author, it is manifest, has painted from life, and we escape those monstrous Frankenstein's of imagination, to which novelists must resort if they do not draw from the living model. As a specimen of Mr. Warner's power of description we venture to quote the following passage:—

"Mac-Ivor! resort of the ruined, the vicious, the stout-hearted—the strong-armed, the ticket-of-leave man, and the ruined gentleman. Mac-Ivor! the promised land which has smiled on many, frowned on more. Mac-Ivor! Nature's great gambling establishment, there is something very picturesque about you.

"I stand in fancy on the woody slope above your valley, and look down on you at evening, when work is done. Your thousand tents are rife with animation, for it is the hour of the evening meal. Your children have had their tea, damper, and mutton for breakfast; their mutton, damper, and tea for dinner; and are now about to indulge in damper, mutton, and tea for supper. A light wind sweeps down from the bush, laden with flies. Yes, myriads and myriads of flies, of every size and shape, and degree of disagreeableness; to wit, flies which sting, and flies which bite, and flies which only buzz. Flies, all more or less inclining to suicide, as their instincts direct them; into your coffee, or into your mouth, or into both, they swarm. Into your fire they flap. If the word isn't English I can't help it: it is colonial, at all events.

"Every tent has its flag flying, that friends may find it out. Some of the stores have very magnificent ensigns; the private tents generally assume a handkerchief of some decided colour. As the shade of evening falls, the thousand little puffs of smoke show the flame which causes them, and the men look like savages or demons as they flit by. Now comes the hour for discharging revolvers, and reloading them for the night. Bang—bang! a thousand shots are fired into the air. It is not a nice time just now for a walk between the tents. I have seen an arm thrust out of the entrance, the hand containing a revolver, pointed so little upwards, that the ball very nearly lodged in my head. Hark! there is 'Auld Lang Syne' sung in chorus—not badly done. 'Patrick's Day' resounds from a fiddle. The Chinese even are howling a hymn, or a dirge, or something of the kind. All the dogs are barking—'Tis a fair place, but the curse of gold is on it.

"The sound of the church bell never swept through this sweet vale, and if it had, I fear the summons would have been idle. There, where the last rays of the sun rests ere he sets, is a little patch of ground, with many little hillocks on it. The widow's son is lying there; he will never write that letter which they are waiting so eagerly for at home. There lies the disgrace of a family, side by side with the man of blood and crime, he will never retrace those long twelve thousand miles to interfere with his steady younger brother. There they lie unknelt, perhaps uncoffined, certainly unwept.

"If you were to walk along among the groups of men sitting round the fires, and at the tent doors, remarking their faces as they rest after their day's work, you would observe that there is a far different expression in those faces, to that which you would see marking the features of labouring men in general. The half-sleepy, comfortable look of the working man, as he plays with his children, smokes his pipe, or chats with his wife, exists not here. At home, when a man has ended his day, he thinks no more about his work until the morrow. Not so here. Every man is depressed or excited according to his 'luck.' The whole conversation is on the subject of gold."

Again, to illustrate a still higher kind of writing, of which we have several examples in "Adrift":—

"It was a terrible crisis in the destiny of those two lives. The daughter, whose heart was full of love for her father, playing so listlessly with her lapdog. The father, broken and crushed like a reed, groaning under the window on the wet gravel of the little garden.

"And so it is through life—ay, so it is. How often do we lie dreaming, and castle-building, and longing to be loved, whilst some true heart is yearning towards us! How often do we leave gratitude, and duty, and old remembrances, and the happiness which will not be separated from them, for a few bright thoughts, or a few fair words—a vow—a love token—a passing fancy!

"Could you on this mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?"

asked Hamlet of his royal mother, when it was all too late to retrace her steps. "Could you leave France, and father, and honour behind you, for that Englishman's vows?" asked Berthe's bleeding heart, many a weary day, many a sleepless night, when it was too late—too late!

"Too late! Alas, how hard that it should be so! How treacherous is fate, how quick-winged is happiness, how greedy is despair!

"Cry out, Pere Jacques!" groan louder, as you lie broken-hearted and lost outside!

"Will you not see the open shutter, Berthe? Can you not hear the muttered oaths of your betrayer's servant?"

"Too late—too late!

"For James has taken up the senseless man in his arms, and has carried him into the road."

We have only one fault to find with the book. It is defective in arrangement. There are, in fact, two stories in it which never blend into an artistic whole. There wants a link to join the fate of Berthe with the fortunes of Rose Tyrrell. In his next novel, we trust Mr. Warner will remedy this, and we predict that he will become one of the most popular authors of the day.

Under a Cloud. By Frederick and James Greenwood. (London: C. J. Skeet, King William Street.) This three-volume novel is the joint production of two writers, and was written originally for the million in the pages of a popular periodical. Hence, as the preface tells us, it was the object not to regard the superior taste of a few, but to picture life in broad lines. In this the authors have, we think, to a considerable extent succeeded; though better in the personages of low life than in the two or three of a higher order in society who are introduced to us. In a novel of higher pretension, we might censure more severely the want of originality in many of the characters. The works of Dickens, Thackeray, Mayhew, and others have made us of late years familiar with the types of beadles, of union workhouse guardians, of itinerant showmen, of street Arabs, and keepers of flash night lodging-houses. Woppits, the deserted offspring of Lucy Howlet, after some years in a workhouse, and travelling through the country doing the crocodile, cannot be made a gentleman and a refined member of society, notwithstanding the proffered aid of a "tutor and travelling," but turns out one of the most popular comedians of the day; while Biddles, his warm-hearted friend, becomes a worthy and successful manager. Joel Hatcher, the marine-store dealer, is the most carefully-drawn character, exemplifying a striking mixture of daring filial affection, and religious profession, till his crafty schemes end at last in his being drowned in the Thames by his brother-rogue in wickedness, Mark Howlet. Though Howlet is the more wicked and determined ruffian, he meets with more of our sympathy, as his schemes have their origin in the wish to fulfil the dying injunctions of a mother to revenge on his master, Keppel, the wrongs of his sister. The story is by far too complicated for us to enter into details; but the admirers of romantic incident and melo-dramatic interest will find enough for their speculation. At the end of the first volume, for example, we find that Keppel had thrown into a limekiln his legitimate daughter Ruth, in the belief that in a fit of drunken somnambulism he had actually strangled her, and, rushing from his house, found this the

readiest mode of disposing of the corpse. In the course of the story Lucy Howlet had been left in a pool where she had cast herself, but whence it could be foretold she would be rescued, and she re-appears, first as the attendant of the thieves' kitchen, and then, when Ruth and her own son, long unknown to her, turn up there, she clings to them with a species of maternal instinct till the truth is discovered. Woppits of course is the rescuer of Ruth, but the falling into Hatcher's hands of the silver clasps of the cloak in which she was wrapped when thrown into the kiln, gives that scheming rogue his power over both Keppel and his servant, who soon became his master. Keppel becomes one of the living dead, abandoned to drink and imbecility; nevertheless, when Hatcher is drowned, and his precious valet perishes of brain fever, after a full discovery he marries his former mistress, and is as happy in the remainder of his life as a man can reasonably expect to be who had abandoned one woman, and killed another by his coldness and neglect, and who was for some long years, in his own estimation, a murderer. There is, however, moral justice in assigning to him and Lucy some sort of quiet happiness at the last, though "the cloud never entirely passed away." To the other ruffians meet retribution is awarded. From the complication of the tale, we have been able to give but a very imperfect outline. We commend it, however, to those who are not staggered by some improbabilities, as on the whole they will find the work very readable, though not striking and original. We meet many passages of powerful description and good portraits of character, in which our authors certainly show themselves somewhat higher than the average of novel-writers of the season.

The Long Run: a Novel. By Henry Owgan, LL.D. (Booth.) This novel may be regarded as a unique production. Its originality is unquestionable. We have never read one like it before, and we hope we never shall again. Nothing could surpass the bad taste of the composition, except, perhaps, the still worse taste displayed in the plot. Nothing could be more unnatural than the characters portrayed in the tale, unless it be the author's own sentiments, which are freely scattered through its pages. It is seldom now-a-days that a novel comes into the hands of the reviewer out of which, at the author's expense, food for ridicule may be extracted. Our worst tales generally betray a respectable mediocrity. Dr. Owgan's work, on the contrary, scarcely deserves to pass into oblivion so smoothly. But, out of pity to the author, we will say no more now of "The Long Run," except to promise a full criticism of the book, with quotations from its most thrilling scenes, if Dr. Owgan questions our verdict, and demands a proof of our assertions.

SHORT NOTICES.

Dr. Livingstone's Cambridge Lectures. Edited, with an Introduction, &c., by the Rev. William Monk, M.A. Second Edition. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.) This is a second edition of an important and most interesting publication. It contains various improvements upon the first edition, and considerable additional matter, comprising recent unpublished communications from Dr. Livingstone, bringing his story down to the latest date, unless a paper read before the British Association at Oxford goes still further. Dr. Livingstone's lectures form a comparatively small section of this work. Mr. Monk contributes a life of Dr. Livingstone with an estimate of the results of his mission; and Mr. Sedgwick, the professor of geology, furnishes a prefatory letter of peculiar value. Mr. Sedgwick gives an interesting résumé of Livingstone's volume, which will be very useful to those whom the unattractive style of the great missionary deterred from mastering the details of his work. The want of a good index was greatly felt in the larger work, and in the volume before us this is in a measure atoned for by an excellent classification of the various heads to which Dr. Livingstone's pages refer. This volume, therefore, will prove an excellent supplement to the "Travels," and those of its readers who have not as yet read the larger work will doubtless

be incited to do so. Mr. Monk's work has been prepared with an especial reference to the Oxford and Cambridge African Mission, which we are glad to find has now attained to a considerable capital and considerable annual income. At the conclusion of his remarkable address in the Senate-house, the noble-hearted missionary had said, "I beg to direct your attention to Africa; I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country . . . Do you carry on the work which I have begun. I leave it with you." These words found ready acceptance among his enthusiastic audience, and have already been crowned with brilliant results. On a comparison of these pages with those of Captain Burton, one cannot fail to be struck with the very great difference in the views of the native character entertained by Dr. Livingstone and Captain Burton. The missionary view is of a truly consolatory character, such as all lovers of the human race would wish to be true.

Ulysses and Penelope; being a Tale written for, and read to, the Inhabitants of Bromyard and the adjacent Villages. By the Rev. J. F. Price. (Worcester: Deighton.) Many and varied have been the attempts to spiritualise Homer. What reader of Mr. Kingsley can forget Hypatia's lecture on the mystical meaning of the episode of Hector and Andromache—that lecture which moves Wall, the old Gothic warrior, to deposit his purse at her feet? A very remarkable, and far from unsuccessful, attempt to turn some of the Homeric legends to a religious use is before us. Mr. Price's little book is a sort of allegory, in which the characters, scenes, and incidents of the Odyssey are introduced; in fact, a Homeric Pilgrim's Progress, with Ulysses for Christian and Cyclops for Giant Despair. To give it a more decidedly religious turn, a sort of picture of our Saviour, with the name of Androphilus, is brought in, and the interpretation and parable are kept running on *pari passu*, so that there could be little fear of any misapprehension of the moral on the part of Mr. Price's rustic audience. Many of the descriptions are taken almost word for word from Homer and put into very plain, nervous English. What an instance of the universality of a great genius that "the same Homer, whose lays were chanted at the banquets of the Ionian princes," should be able to supply a Christian clergyman with the materials for an instructive and interesting story for the peasants of Herefordshire!

Our Lord's Ascension the Church's Gain (J. H. and J. Parker) is the title of a sermon preached on Ascension-day before the University of Oxford by the Rev. H. P. Liddon, vice-principal of St. Edmund Hall. Mr. Liddon enjoys a high reputation as a deep theologian and able preacher. This sermon is in every way worthy of his reputation. Closely reasoned, accurate and logical, yet fervid, eloquent, and devotional, it is one which we recommend to the perusal at least of all our clerical readers. Among its best points are the *conspicuous* of the prophetic proper psalms for the day's service, in their history and meaning; the denunciation of the selfishly subjective character of modern popular theology; the stern protest against that school of infidelity which Mr. F. W. Newman heads and represents; and the timely warning against making manliness, temperance, integrity, and other virtues—which, as Mr. Liddon says, "Paganism might have taught us"—supersede "the evangelical graces of faith, and hope, and charity, and joy, and peace, and long suffering."

The Fife Coast. By Henry Farnie. This work, though well adapted to the ordinary purposes of a local guide-book for the district it describes, has many merits, and has good claims to be ranked above the common class of such publications. The "Kingdom of Fife," as its inhabitants delight to term their county, is of much interest, especially its coast, lying opposite to Edinburgh and along the northern shore of the Frith of Forth. Much beauty of scenery it does not possess, though one of the king's of Scotland declared it to be the "golden prize of a worsted petticoat." But its numerous villages sparkle in the sun, and afford attractions to the denizens of the Scottish metropolis, such as Rams-gate and Margate to the Londoner. A learned poet, George Buchanan, characterised it as "Cincta oppidulis;" and the book before us describes some

twenty or twenty-five of these, connected with each other, or separated by very short intervals. The trade and commerce of those here noticed are no doubt interesting to the social economist, and are of great variety: the fishing interest, the coal, the weaving, the nail-making, and other interests, are here duly represented. But what chiefly will be remarked by the general reader, is an abundant notice of the various antiquities, castellated and ecclesiastical, here to be seen in great quantity; and notices of the distinguished men, from St. Columba and Macduff downwards, who could boast a Fifeshire origin. Anstruther alone, which lies opposite the Isle of May, a place of shelter in old times to the inhabitants from the ancient Vikings, who possessed the coast for about a century, has four worthies of considerable celebrity. Dr. Chalmers and the Oriental scholar Tennant are well known; also Professor Goodis to the medical student; while "Maggie Lauder" was another kind of celebrity immortalised in song. The saints of old have transmitted their names to many localities. The Isle of Inchcolm carries us back to the great civiliser of Iona; the name of Kirkcaldy reminds us of the ancient priests of God, the Culdees. The readers of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Character," will recollect some anecdotes of Mr. Shirra, a saint and popular preacher of the last century, whose prayers on the beach were believed to raise a wind which carried off the free-booter Paul Jones out of the Frith, when preparing to murder and pillage the country. Fife furnished also, in the course of last century, a saint of a different character, namely, a Romish "Avvocato del diavolo," whose functions the learned among our readers need not be reminded of. The "Lang Town" of Kirkcaldy is the capital of the district; and in its electioneering practices before the Reform Bill, were as amusing scenes as those which Mr. Tom Taylor depicts in his comedy as enacted by "Green Lambs and Blue Lions." The worthy bailiffs of the place were, on the approach of an election, carried off in all directions, and the numbers being few, it paid better to spend £100 in kidnapping a voter, than to corrupt by a like sum now-a-days twenty or fifty reformed electors. On the whole, the reader who invests the moderate sum needed to purchase this book, will find a fund of interesting anecdote, and well-selected allusions to the historical events in connection with the places described.

Self-Culture. By John R. Beard, D.D. (John Heywood, Manchester.) Assuredly those of the working classes, who exhibit any wish to cultivate their intellectual faculties, ought to appreciate the efforts of men of literature to make the path, so far as it can possibly be made, smooth and pleasant. To say nothing of the thousands of lectures delivered annually to young men, by learned doctors, by the clergy, and by many peers and members of the House of Commons, manuals daily issue from the press both to advocate the benefits of mental culture, and detail the easiest mode for its attainment. Mr. Smiles' excellent book, published only a few months ago, is announced as having reached its 20th thousand. We do not know if the manual before us is likely to attain so wide-spread a circulation; but certainly if industry in collecting and compiling all that can be said on the subject, with an exhibition throughout of good sense and erudition, deserve it, we heartily wish the same success to Dr. Beard. His book is intended not only for learners but for teachers, and the reader must bear this in mind, in case he thinks that more is said in the 400 pages of the book than most of the "self-instructed" would be willing to peruse. While not despising ancient methods of instruction, the author is not insensible to modern improvements. For instance, to facilitate reading, he advocates enlisting the faculty of hearing equally with the eye; and we recommend the sensible advice of Franklin, with regard not only to reading but also to correct spelling, the lamentable deficiency as to which has lately taken the country by surprise, proved, as it has been in public examinations, to exist not only among would-be officers or diplomatists, but among the middle classes generally. Those who wish "a royal road to learning," or who may have any object in passing a forced examination by the aid of "cram," will find nothing to encourage them in

these pages. On the contrary, in many sections both precept and example enforce the "studying of wholes;" doing things "well," and not attempting too much; avoiding the *omnium gatherums* of popular reading-rooms, and showing that the misuse of newspapers and periodical literature tends in those who have not laid a broad and deep foundation of severe study to produce in the intellect a conglomeration, "like that in the stomach of an alderman, after the infinite diversity of a municipal dinner." Sensible advice is given in determining as to particular lines of study, classical, mathematical, or others. The self-educator is told to follow nature and the bent of the mind; while on the other hand a want of attention to harmony of self-culture, will effect undue development of one faculty, and render the mind comparatively useless, reminding us of Pope's orator Henley, "the preacher and the zany of his age." Even the illustrious Scaliger is cited to show that learning and memory do not make a "four-square man" without moral worth. The great scholar's life was a series of literary quarrels, and he was known for the unenviable power of talking "Billingsgate" in thirteen languages.

"Penny Post" Tales.—We have had, ere this, to notice with commendation the tales which Messrs. Parker are reprinting from their valuable little serial, "The Penny Post." Several more of these, as cheap and as good as ever, have recently been published. "The Two Widows" is an admirable little warning against spoiling children. "Margaret of Conway" deals in a story of great pathos, with the difficult truth, confirmed by experience no less than Scripture, that the child *does* suffer for the parent's sin. "Fairton Village, or Wesleyan Beginnings," must, however, be excepted from our praise; it treats a very remarkable religious movement in a spirit singularly shallow. The Church of England, in the middle of the last century, is represented as carrying out the Prayer-book to an extent which it certainly never did between the reigns of Anne and Victoria. Again, to take no more favourable testimony, the sketches of some of the early Wesleyans—Stamforth, for example, or Olivers, in "Southey's Life of Wesley,"—might have shown the author of "Fairton Village," that to represent them as coarse and designing hypocrites, is utterly at variance with fact. "Marion," and "Mary Merton," are two tales of servant-life which we would most strongly recommend for distribution among the class which they depict.

Series of Sermons on the Prodigal Son. By Rev. W. R. Clarke. (Bell and Daldy.) This is a very earnest and practical exposition of the most touching of our Saviour's parables. If we detect many traces of Dean Trench, to whom, as well as to Hill and Lisco, Mr. Clarke frankly acknowledges his obligations, we must recollect that Trench's admirable works are not generally in the hands of ordinary sermon-hearers, and that his illustrations and explanations really require to be popularised.

THE MAGAZINES.

"Blackwood" for July. This number does not contain so many attractions as usual to the purely literary student. To the politician, the article on the Reform Bill and the Tory party possesses interest, the object of it being to defend Mr. Disraeli. A just criticism is passed with regard to his style of speaking, as his enemies are apt to set down to a want of fixed principle the care to attain philosophical precision, which he has aimed at more within the last few years than he did previously. "An Election in France" is aptly headed with a quotation from the most philosophical of Roman historians, Tacitus, "*Haec facile libertas et domini miscentur.*" We recall to our readers another apophthegm of the same classic author, which is generally claimed to apply to the British Constitution. "*Res olim dissociabiles miscuit, Principatum ac libertatem.*" With this happy mixture shown at English elections and throughout our polity, we may, with the aid of "Blackwood's" article, vividly contrast the subterfuges by which in France, and possibly in other states, men evade the

dominion of either priest or despot. Universal suffrage may work out the behests of absolutism. All the poetry in this number is a few lines of Mr. Worsley's, on the Greek idea of the avenging fury; but we have an article, showing considerable power of thought, discussing the influence of a practical and mechanical age on poetry in general, and in praise of Owen Meredith's poem of "Lucile." A notice of the Academy and of other exhibitions does not differ greatly from views promulgated in the pages of this periodical, and the general opinion out of doors, as to particular artists. The historic student will read with pleasure a commendatory article on Sir Robert Wilson's "Secret History of the Russian Campaign of 1812." The summing up in "Blackwood" of the lessons of the Russian war exemplifies, what every nation should duly consider, namely, that Providence has given to it some distinctive advantage, either in national character or in local situation, which, duly fostered, may render it capable of resisting a superior as to numbers, on whom it might in vain make aggressions. Russia was saved by the immense distances Napoleon had to traverse, by the barren nature of the country, and the immense superiority of the Cossack light force. Switzerland is protected by its mountains and its riflemen; and England, if assailed, will not be insensible of its peculiar means of defence. The tale of "Norman Sinclair," and Captain Speke's "Adventures in Somali Land" are continued; and the ingenious lawyer will find his attention drawn to some nuts to crack in the article on judicial puzzles.

"Fraser's." The great feature of "Fraser" this month is the "Chronicle of Current History." This is a concise and lucid summary of the events of the past half-year, written in a thoroughly liberal and philosophic spirit, everything being well arranged and digested, and commented on with judicial fairness and candour. This new attempt may be looked upon as a great success, and forms a most attractive element in the periodical. The review of the fifth and sixth volumes of Mr. Froude's "History" is a very able epitome. The writer endorses the criticism which we ourselves passed upon the volumes in question when they first appeared. Viscount Bury's account of "The Volunteer Musketry Course at Hythe" is extremely pleasantly written. Two still lighter and more gossiping articles are "Social and Political Life Five and Thirty Years Ago," and "The Literary Suburb of the Eighteenth Century." "St. Brandan" is a remarkable little poem by Matthew Arnold, founded on a quaint and comparatively unknown legend, which is not without a moral lesson.

"Bentley's Miscellany." The continuation of the "Outremanche Correspondence," gives us the usual amount of pleasant, chatty criticism on what is going on in political and other departments. "Coaches and Cousinship" is an uncommonly readable story. In the way of fiction, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's story of "Orvingdean Grange" comes to an end, and Mr. Dudley Costello continues "Gurney, or Two Fortunes." Perhaps the best portion of the whole number is Monkshood's "Mingle Mangle," under which whimsical title the writer has some very amusing and yet erudite remarks on sea-sickness.

The "Dublin University." We had occasion to allude in a former notice of this Magazine to the excellence of an article entitled "The Work-a-day World of France." In this month's number this subject, already so ably treated, is resumed. The history of the little workman who has had some half-dozen years' experience of life, and perhaps—most probably indeed—no experience at all of the duties of obedience, is taken up and gone through with till we find him a brisk and cunning craftsman, proud of his skill, and prepared, in his turn, to take a little apprentice under his charge. The humane and equitable arrangements prescribed by the law of France for the preservation of the mutual interests of master and apprentice, are in this article well and clearly pointed out. We have, moreover, a short description of the comparative industry and morality existing amongst the *ouvriers* in some of the principal towns of France. "The Marshals of Napoleon the Great" may be read with advantage by those who wish to acquire an intimate knowledge of the

rise and progress of those *enfants de la gloire*, who seem to have been born expressly for the age they lived in, and for the display of whose genius such an age only could furnish an opening. We cannot close our notice without alluding to the great promise displayed in the poem entitled "The Happy Valley." It is as excellent, in its way, as the production called "Nature Pictures" is, in its way, pretentious and obscure.

"Colburn's New Monthly." Besides its usual amount of entertaining sketches and stories, this Magazine has two capital articles of more substantial nature, on "Sicily" and "Garibaldi," and another on "National Defences," in which the arguments of the article in last month's number on the chances of invasion are ably followed out. The account of Eastern Africa is also very interestingly written.

The "Westminster" for July. This Review, always remarkable for the eminent ability which invariably distinguishes its essays on leading social questions, in the present number commences with an article on "Strikes, their Tendencies and Remedies," which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the ablest that has yet appeared on this most grave and important topic. To all who take any interest in the condition of this country, the relations between employer and employed cause the deepest anxiety and perplexity, and the frequent recurrence of combinations on the part of labour against capital, workmen against masters, seems to render an impartial and judicious examination of the claims of both parties in the contest more necessary than ever. The writer of the article in question treats the subject in the most admirably fair manner, and sets forth the real nature and tendencies of these combinations with a lucidity and thoughtful erudition almost worthy of Mill himself. After pointing out the causes which regulate the remuneration of labour, he classifies the causes which disturb the natural rates of wages under two heads:

(1) those which, acting permanently, produce an inequality in the rate of wages in different employments; (2) those which, acting temporarily, raise the rate of profit in any particular business above the ordinary rate. Arguing from this, the writer arrives at the conclusion that strikes have two tendencies: (a) without increasing the general wage fund, to equalise wages in different employments; (b) to raise the wages of a particular class of workmen when the profits of the particular trade are temporarily raised above the ordinary rate. We cannot do more than allude to his remarks in reference to the latter tendency, in which the writer detects the principle of voluntary partnership between master and workman—a partnership which has already in several instances been fully carried on, and with complete success. The great object should be to give the labouring class interest in work; and this can best be done by giving them a direct share in its results. An account of the co-operative societies of Leeds and Rochdale closes this philosophical essay. The review of "The Mill on the Floss" is a highly artistic piece of genuine criticism, and is one of the most appreciative notices of that great work that has yet appeared. The writer complains, however, that Maggie plays inordinately disproportionate parts at different periods of the story, and also that the authoress sacrifices art to an excessive love of realism. "As a work of art," says the "Westminster," "it is not enough to be true to nature—an external probability and an internal harmony must be arrived at; and although we are sufficiently well acquainted with Maggie's nature to realise the full force of the temptation to which she is exposed, we are not prepared for the qualified consent with which she yields to it." For ourselves we entirely dissent from this view of a truly artistic novel. The more true it is to nature, the more satisfactorily will internal harmony be arrived at; and as for external probability, we maintain that there is as much of it in "The Mill on the Floss" as in the most perfect fiction of Sir Walter Scott or Bulwer. The reviewer has a theory, that up to the period of Tulliver's death, the author had drawn her materials from what had passed under her own immediate observation. After that the problem of Maggie's nature alone occupies her attention, and this had to be

worked out from fictitious circumstances. The notice of "Rawlinson's Bampton Lectures" is hostile, as might have been anticipated. At the same time, it must be confessed its examination of Mr. Rawlinson's position is conducted with impartiality, and one or two of its conclusions are painfully cogent. The article on "Germany, its strength and weakness," is written with elaborate erudition, and discusses in a thoughtful spirit the condition and prospects of the Fatherland. At the present time, when the unscrupulous and crafty Emperor of the French is doing his best at Baden to outwit the more blunt and honest Regent of Prussia, these remarks are especially valuable. "The French Press" contains an interesting account of the rise and progress of journalism in France up to the Revolution. The introductory remarks on the press in this country, admirable as they are in themselves, are too long for the rest of the article.

"The New Quarterly Review" is scarcely up to the average standard. The most noteworthy contribution to the present number is a critique on volumes five and six of Mr. Froude's "History of England," which, however, partakes rather of the character of a running commentary than a review. The notice of the Academy, the Water Colour Societies, and the Drama, is somewhat flat and commonplace, and reads more like a summary of old newspaper reports than anything else; but the general monotony of the number is relieved by a good scientific article on "Rifled Artillery," which is well-timed, and will doubtless be of interest to many of its readers in this warlike age.

"The National." An extraordinarily good number. We may notice with especial praise Mr. Goring Ritchie's paper on "The Treasury Whipper-in." Also "Little Mrs. Haynes," by Margaret Verne. The ode to Garibaldi is one of the most excellent poems of this month's serials, and though not equal to the gems of the "Cornhill" is very good.

The "London Review" opens with an ingenious, but, in our opinion, a very unsatisfactory, criticism on Dr. Darwin's "Origin of Species." While giving all credit to its author for candour and honesty of purpose, the writer of the article before us seems so strongly prejudiced against the positivism of the treatise as to be unable to give it a dispassionate consideration. In fact, the whole of the article is a tissue of charges of *petitio principii*, fallacious arguments, and heterodoxical tenets. By an ingenious dovetailing of unconnected quotations, Dr. Darwin is made to arrive at most astounding conclusions, totally at variance with his expressed opinions throughout, and on this testimony is quietly convicted of "fallacious reasoning." We could cite a number of examples of this method of procedure. But this is not all. In the chapter on Instinct, the reviewer's prepossessions stand out in the strongest light. Because Dr. Darwin, in common with the rest of his school, argues on the principle that all phenomena are the manifestations of universal law, he is accused of gross materialism, and, indirectly, of impiety. We confess we cannot see where the impiety lies. Is it less derogatory to the Deity to suppose that He is the First Great Cause, antecedent to all law, who originated the harmonious system of order which regulates, and will continue to regulate the universe, until the same hand which gave it birth shall annihilate it, than to presume the necessity of a present personal Agency ever interposing in the operations of nature? We recommend this article as a specimen of the *odium theologicum*. Among the rest of the contents of this number we may particularise "London in the Thirteenth Century," which is written in a hearty, genial spirit of antiquarian research, and will well repay perusal; and "The Limits of the Laws of Thought"—Mr. Mansel and his Critics." This latter is of a somewhat pretentious character, extending over upwards of fifty pages. It purposes, as the writer tells us, to supply theological students at once with a key to, and a corrective of, the opinions advanced by Mr. Mansel in his Bampton Lectures. Without endorsing the conclusions of the reviewer, which savour somewhat of dogmatism, we can safely recommend this article as being a very fair exposition of Mr. Mansel's arguments.

"The London Medical Review," No. I, July. (London: Baillière, Regent Street.) This new monthly medical journal has just been issued, the promulgators starting with the assurance that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom." This may be the case in many matters. The treatment of a disorder is not always satisfactory with too many advisers in consultation, the old adage of "too many cooks," &c., applying to the case in point. This perhaps may not apply to the augmentation of medical literature, especially in a review of the present kind, for which the services of many medical men in this country and on the Continent have been engaged. The papers appear to be well-selected, and connected with subjects of interest to the profession. We shall be better able to form an opinion of its merits and utility by future numbers.

"Church of England Monthly Review." This month's number contains two very capital pieces of criticism, one on "Bellow's Sermons," and the other on "Brimley's Essays." The notice of "Guizot's Memoirs" is short, but discriminating. The article entitled "Modern Hagiolatry" is a very fair review of the life of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta. On the whole, this number is quite worthy of the character of the "Church of England Monthly Review," which stands deservedly high as a liberal-minded and clever discussor of religious and literary topics.

The "Gentleman's Magazine," July 1860. Our venerable contemporary holds on its even course. The first article is on "Froude's History of England," in which a view is taken very different to that generally adopted by the critics. There is an interesting notice of the "Diary of General Patrick Gordon, of Auchleuchries, A.D. 1695-1699," presented to the Spalding Club by Beriah Botfield, of Norton Hall. The General held office under the Czar of Muscovy, and was sent as his ambassador to the courts of Charles the Second and James the Second, of his residence at which courts several curious particulars are given. This is followed by an article on the old heraldry of the Percies, which is illustrated by an engraving of the seal of Hotspur, &c. Dugdale's visitation of Yorkshire is rather elaborately noticed, and there is a review of "Scott's Gleanings from Westminster Abbey," which is accompanied by an engraving of the restored Chapter-house. The antiquarian and literary intelligence is given in its usual fulness, and the department of historical and miscellaneous reviews contains some important notices. It is on the whole a very satisfactory number of this long-known periodical.

The "Journal of Mental Science," July. (Longmans.) This quarterly Journal, under the able editorship of Dr. John Charles Bucknill, maintains its established character. The papers are always well selected, and bear marks of research and investigation on the part of the several contributors. Dr. Harrington Tuke continues his article on general paralysis, descriptive of the various phases of that prevailing disease, exhibiting in so many cases mental disorder. Dr. C. Lockhart Robertson contributes a very singular case of homicidal mania, without disorder of the intellect, the accurate diagnosis of which is always a most difficult problem. In many of these so-called instinctive impulses to homicide, there is a deeper-seated and more real trace of mental disease than the homicidal act, to be found by those who know how to look for it. Dr. Morel in his "Traité des Maladies Mentales," cites some interesting cases, and the author of the present paper quotes two from the pamphlet of Dr. Hood of Bethlehem, "in one of which a sound prognosis, upheld amid much opprobrium from the public press, saved an undoubted lunatic from execution; while in the second instance, a mistaken opinion enabled a very wicked man to escape the just punishment of his crime." Dr. Robertson divides this class of mania into three forms: 1, Homicidal mania without disorder of the intellect. 2, Delusions bearing directly on the act; auditory illusions being a frequent variety of this form. 3, Homicidal mania with epilepsy, with weakness generally of the mental powers, with confirmed chronic mania. The case we allude to, published in this Journal, comes under the first form. In the two latter varieties, whether complicated with delusions or with imbecility, epilepsy or confirmed chronic mania, no medico-legal

questions are likely to arise. Homicide committed by persons so afflicted is admitted on all sides to be the irresponsible act of a lunatic. "It is only," says Dr. Robertson, "in cases such as the one I have related in this paper, where homicide mania exists without any intellectual disorder, that the question of responsibility can be raised. Were the act really the only evidence of morbid mental condition, I for one should pause before admitting a doctrine so subversive of all moral responsibility, as that in a mind otherwise healthy, the homicidal act should be received as conclusive evidence of insanity. The object of the clinical remarks has been to show that such is not the case, and that to the experienced observer other and deeper-seated traces of mental disorder will appear. In their discrimination lies the skill of the medical jurist, as on their presence should alone be based the acquittal of the accused." Another paper on physical affections in connection with religion, as illustrated by "Ulster Revivalism," by the Rev. W. Mellwaine of Belfast, will be found very interesting; in fact, the entire Journal contains much valuable and instructive matter.

"The Eclectic." The editor of this usually spirited journal has not been fortunate this month in his selection of contributions, and we discern, what is generally absent from its pages, the cloven foot of sectarianism or prejudice. The opening article, the first instalment of a review of the famous "Essays and Reviews," in examining the first three essays of the volume, proves itself undoubtedly the production of one who is either very much behind the religious spirit and doctrines of this advanced age, or else, what perhaps is more probable, whilst familiar with the later developments of theological science, is fearful lest the fabric of faith should be subverted. Truly has it been said that ours is an age "destitute of faith, but terrified at scepticism." The writer of the remarks on "Scottish Social Life," beginning with some weak satire on the "young gentlemen" connected with the "Saturday Review," contemplates the history and present aspect of social life in Scotland, "not without satisfaction." He is probably a native of that country, or he would scarcely make such a statement. In the article on "Female Training," the author considers that modern female education is at fault in making girls and women too *manly*. For ourselves, we differ *in toto* from such a view, and we recommend to the writer Mr. Mill's splendid and unanswerable essay on "The Emancipation of Women;" it may possibly change his opinions. The best article in the present number is that with which it concludes, on "Napoleon and the State of Europe."

"Pharmaceutical Journal" July. (Churchill.) We find in the number of this Journal for the present month a sketch of the objects of the Pharmaceutical Society, and provisions for carrying them into effect. The premises in Bloomsbury Square have undergone extensive alterations; the laboratories and the lecture-room have been considerably improved and enlarged, and every possible effort is being made to carry out the design in forming the society, viz., "the purpose of uniting the chemists and druggists into one ostensible, recognised, and independent body for protecting their general interests, and for the advancement of pharmacy, by furnishing such a uniform system of education as shall secure to the profession and the public the safest and most efficient administration of medicine." A brief but interesting article is furnished by Mr. F. A. Dasso on cassava bread, prepared from the root of the cassava plant, the bitter variety of which is cultivated to a great extent by the Indians. From this plant is produced cassireepe and cassava bread, both of which appear indispensable to their subsistence. The process of extracting the poisonous liquor, cassava water, is described. The starch deposited by boiling, assumes a deepish brown colour, and is of the consistency of treacle, and is known under the name of cassireepe, which enters into the composition of many English sauces. The Indians of Guiana mix a small portion with water and boil with it a quantity of pepper, which renders it excessively hot; into this they dip their meat and cassava bread at meals. The colonists use the cassireepe for flavouring soups, and in making the far-famed "pepper-pot," consisting of fish, meat, or

fowl, boiled with the cassireepe and peppers. The various qualities of the plant are fully detailed. There are many other papers of interest; and a published list of the members, associates, and apprentices of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain is given in this month's number.

The "Floral" July. (Lovell Reeves, 5, Bennett Street, Covent Garden.) The lovers of flowers cannot fail to derive pleasure from this exquisite little Magazine, the third number of which has just appeared. Mr. Moore, the secretary of the Floral committee of the Horticultural Society of London has taken every pains to render the work pleasing to his subscribers. In the present number there are four beautiful coloured plates by Walter Fitch, F.L.S., especially that of Lobb's yellow rhododendron, which gained a first-class certificate awarded by the floral committee of the Horticultural Society, at its meeting on March 8th of the present year. It is one of the finest yellow-flowered kinds in cultivation, and is intermediate in character between *R. javanicum* and *R. Brookeanum*, to which latter it was at first thought to belong. It was discovered by Mr. Lobb, and sent by him from Penang, to Messrs. Veitch of Exeter and Chelsea. Being a native of Penang, it will require a stove temperature. The other plates illustrate the volunteer Auricula, the hybrid Tydeas, and the crimson Camellia.

In "The Constitutional Press Magazine" for the present month, we have, in addition to the continuation of "Hopes and Fears," by the author of the "Heir of Redcliffe," a cleverly-written article on our political relations with China; and a second chapter of Mrs. Gatty's seaside studies, under the pedantic title of "A Horn-book of Phycology;" together with a philological inquiry into the etymology of the word "gates," as used in the Pentateuch, by the Rev. J. Eastwood. But the principal feature of the number is, to our mind, a series of translations from the Russian of Alexander Pushkin, by Mr. W. R. Morrell. These are rendered with great taste and simplicity, and evince poetical powers of no ordinary standard. No. V., "The Black Shawl," is given with remarkable spirit—the rough, vigorous rhythm harmonising admirably with the fierce intensity of the sentiment. We trust the translator will redeem his promise of giving us further specimens.

"The Englishwoman's Journal" contains, amongst other articles, a highly interesting sketch of "Madame Swetlinhe," a celebrated Russian lady, whose name is probably new to most of our readers.

"Kingston's Magazine for Boys." This monthly miscellany is full, as usual, of amusement and instruction for the class of youngsters for whom it is intended. The chapter on "My Travels" is particularly interesting.

"Good Words," Part XL, (Sampson Low and Co.) maintains its place among our popular religious periodicals, as containing articles of varied interest and considerable ability. The Fiji Islands have been often treated and described, but we here find much that is novel about them. "Aspects of Indian Life during the Rebellion" bears internal evidence of being the production of an intelligent eyewitness. The editorship of this magazine, it may be necessary to remind our readers, is in the hands of Dr. Norman Macleod.

"The Welcome Guest." To those who are content with the very flimsiest and thinnest of intellectual food, the "Welcome Guest" will be as welcome as ever; to those who look for something more than far-fetched tales and exaggerated attempts at humour, it will be proportionably unwelcome. With such a number of talented contributors, the "Welcome Guest" ought really, as we remarked last month, to produce something more solid, and at the same time something more readable, than anything we can find in its pages at present. That it displays much genius we do not deny, and it is this very fact which makes the "Welcome Guest" so provoking—that it has got so much ability so utterly squandered in the very weakest articles. We must except from our general censure Mr. Yates's remarks on the late Albert Smith. Mr. Sala's story of "The Ship Chandler" is also written with the spirited humour always found in that prolific author, but it is too hastily composed.

A TROUBADOUR'S OVERTURE.

Oh! maidens do not turn away,
Nor make a pretty show of scorn,
Because I said, ye thirst for love,
Like rosebuds for the dewy morn—
Because I say
The breath of song
The music of a poet's mouth,
The flowing music broad and strong
As rivers of the shining south
Will bear you all along.
Oh! maidens when the grape is green
And shadowy soft among the leaves;
Oh! maidens when the corn is cut,
And autumn binds his golden sheaves,
My words I ween,
Will seem most true—
Will make a trouble in your brain,
A ringing sweetness through and through
Shall bird-like flit and come again
And sing through you.

W.

NEW BOOKS.

- About (E.), *La Prusse* en 1860, 8vo., 1s. 6d.
All Right, an Old Maid's Tale, post 8vo., 6s.
Blackmore (Lieut.), *The London by Moonlight Mission*, post 8vo., 4s.
Bloomfield (S. T.), *Critical Annotations, Additional and Supplementary, in New Testament*, 9th edition, 8vo., 14s.
Borissow (C. J.), *Commercial Phraseology*, English and French, 12mo., 2s.
Broad Line Drawing Book, coloured, 5s.
Butler's Analogy of Religion, new edition, 12mo., 2s.
Christiana and her Children, 18mo., 1s.
Christy's Minstrels' New Songs, parts 8 and 9, 4to., 1s. each.
Church of England Magazine, vol. 48, royal 8vo., 5s. 6d.
Civilization in Hungary, by a Hungarian, 12mo., 6s.
Coutts (Miss B.), *Summary Account of Prizes for Common Things*, new edition, 8vo., 1s. 6d.
Domenech (Abbe), *Seven Years' Residence in Deserts of North Africa*, 2 vols., 8vo., 36s.
D'Orsey (A.), *Colloquial Portuguese*, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Do. do. *Practical Grammar, Portuguese and English*, post 8vo., 7s.
Eaton (T. R.), *Shakespeare and the Bible*, new edition, post 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Elton (Sir E.), *Below the Surface: a Story of English Country Life*, new edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Garibaldi, an Autobiography, edited by Dumas, 12mo., 2s.
Gildart (W.), *Memoir of Strength in Weakness*, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Godfrey (Mrs.), *Nature and Treatment of Spinal Curvature*, 3rd edition, 8vo., 5s.
Hodgson's Novels, *Curling* (Captain), Julian Mountjoy, 12mo., 2s.
Jewitt (L.), *Rifle and Volunteer Corps*, 8vo., 1s.
Johnston (R.), *School Arithmetic*, 12mo., 2s.
Lancaster (T. W.), *Sermons on Various Occasions*, 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Line upon Line, part 2, new edition, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Lyttel (E. B.), *What will he do with it? library edition*, vol. 3, 5s.
Mackie (Mrs.), *Willy's Book of Birds*, 4to., 3s. 6d.
Magrath (J. R.), *Stanhope Prize Essay, 1860*, 8vo., 1s. 6d.
Markham (W. O.), *Diseases of the Heart*, 2nd edition, post 8vo., 5s.
May (M.), *Wedded and Winnowed, a Tale for the Divorce Court*, post 8vo., 10s. 6d.
Near Home Countries of Europe Described, new edition, 12mo., 5s.
Newman (F. W.), *Phases of Faith*, 6th edition, post 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Oxenden (A.), *Fervent Prayer*, 2nd edition, 18mo., 18s. 6d.
Parlour Library, *Trollope* (A.), *Vicar of Wrexhill*, 12mo., 2s.
Payn's Handbook to English Lakes, new edition, 12mo., 1s.
Phillip (E. A.), *Vision of the Cross and other Poems*, 12mo., 4s.
Popular Songs and Ballads of all Nations, vol. 1, 4to., 4s.
Punch, vol. 38, 4to., 8s. 6d.
Ranking and Radcliffe's Half-yearly Abstract of Medical Sciences, vol. 31, cloth 8vo., 6s. 6d.
Reade (C.), *The Eighth Commandment*, 8vo., 14s.
Reid (Captain M.), *Hunter's Feast*, new edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Scott (G. P.), *Diagram of French Verbs*, 12mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d.
Smith (W. M.), *Helps to District Visitors*, new edition, 12mo., 2s.
Spectator with Biographical Notices, new edition, royal 8vo., 8s. 6d.
Symonds (J. A.), *The Escorial, a Prize Poem*, 12mo., 1s. 6d.
Tatam (G. H.), *The Buggy—Mr. Turnbull's Adventures in the New World*, post 8vo., 5s.
Tomlinson (C.), *Winter in the Arctic Regions*, 16mo., 2s. 6d.
Tyndall (J.), *Glaciers of the Alps*, post 8vo., 14s.
Unseen World (The), new edition, 12mo., 1s. 6d.
Weld (C. R.), *Two Months in the Highlands*, post 8vo., 12s. 6d.

White (W.), All Round the Wreckin, post 8vo., 9s.
Wife's Domain, by Philothalos, post 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Wilson (General), Narrative of Events during French Invasion of 1812, 2nd edition, 8vo., 15s.
Words and Works of Our Blessed Lord, by author of "Braunton Rectory," 2 vols., 12mo., 9s.
Wrasall (L.), Life in the Sea, Nature and Habits of Marine Animals, post 8vo., 3s. 6d.
Yonatt (W.), The Pig, new edition by S. Sidney, post 8vo., 5s.

We have received the following:—

"Plain or Ringlets." Part XI. (Bradbury and Evans.)
"One of Them." By Charles Lever. Number VIII. (Chapman and Hall.)
"Knight's Popular History of England." Number LII. (Bradbury and Evans.)
"Official Railway Handbook of Bray, Kingstown, and the Coast." (Dublin: McGlashan and Gill.)
"The Northern Light: a Tale of Iceland and Greenland in the 11th Century." (J. H. and J. Parker.)
"Happiness; or, the Secret Spring of Bliss and Antedote of Death." By Eliza Dupe. (Oxford: W. Baxter.)
"The Saviour and the Sinner." By Rev. Thomas Dykes. Second Edition. (Glasgow: Thomas Murray.)
"Good Words." Edited by Norman Macleod, D.D. (Edinburgh: Strahan and Co.)
"English Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences." By Charles Knight. (Bradbury and Evans.)
"Once a Week." (Bradbury & Evans.)

We have also received the following serials from Messrs. Cassell:—

"The Ladies' Treasury."
"Illustrated Family Bible." Part XIV.
"Popular Natural History." Part XVI.
"Illustrated Natural History." Part XVII.

THE WEEK.

MONUMENT TO THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.

We mentioned in a recent number this proposed monument, which was inaugurated on the 28th ult. with considerable ceremony. The site is situated on the grounds of Chapelhope, directly opposite Tibby Shield's cottage. The monument, which is a colossal statue eight feet and a half in height, on a square pedestal, both of Denholm sandstone, represents the poet seated, with his plaid around him, on one of the relics of the forest—an oak root—over which fall two blades of bracken, an ivy stem twining around the base. By his side reposes his dog Hector; his right hand grasps a stout walking stick, and in his left he holds a scroll, upon which is carved the last line of the "Queen's Wake":—"Hath taught the wandering winds to sing." The top of the pedestal is surrounded with oak leaves and acorns, a ram's head projecting from each corner. The front of the pedestal bears the inscription, "James Hogg, the Etrick Shepherd, born 1770, died 1835." Above this is the representation of a harp, surmounted by a crowned female head, and a wreath of flowers and leaves. The panels bear inscriptions from the poem of the "Queen's Wake."

KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.

The twenty-first anniversary festival of this hospital was held on the 28th ult., in the hall of the college. The chair was taken by the Bishop of Winchester, supported by the professors and a large number of friends of the institution. The hospital being situated in a very poor district, is worthy of increased support. Since its foundation, relief has been afforded to 429,532 patients. The hospital embraces in its sphere 400,000 of the poorest inhabitants of the metropolis, living in close alleys and crowded courts. The medical and surgical skill is unequalled by any other school, and it is therefore to be regretted that the receipts fall so far short of the demands.

NEW CHURCH AT ISLINGTON.

The foundation-stone of a new church was laid yesterday week at Hornsey Rise, dedicated to St. Mary, and situate in the parish of Islington, by Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, the banker, in the presence of Lord Ebury, Lord C. J. Fox Russell, Mr. Robert Hanbury, M.P., J. Colquhoun, Esq., the Rev. Daniel

Wilson, and a large number of the local clergy. Special prayers were read by the Rev. Daniel Wilson, and the visitors were afterwards addressed by Lord Ebury, Mr. Hanbury, and several of the clergy who were present.

SURREY CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

The Bishop of Winchester and Archdeacon Utterton are holding a series of meetings throughout the larger towns of Surrey, in aid of a newly-formed association, the great object of which is to secure the co-operation of the laity in making provision for the spiritual wants of the county. The small amount of income derived by many of the lesser clergy is a painful fact. It is most sad to know that many well educated, earnest, zealous men, labouring among dense populations, receive a miserable pittance varying from £40 to £150 per annum. To increase the income of these gentlemen is a most desirable work, and equally so the provision of further accommodation for the poor in places used for Divine worship. This latter object can only be accomplished by assisting in the erection, enlargement, and support of national schools, and the raising a fund for a more fitting remuneration of the working clergy. The first meeting of the association was held at Reigate on Monday week, when the Bishop of Winchester presided. On the following day another meeting took place at Dorking, under the auspices of Lord Abinger, at which most of the residents of that important neighbourhood were present. The population of the county has more than trebled itself in the last fifty years. At the beginning of the century there were 131 churches; at the last census, 262, 130 of which have been built during the last 25 years; but so far are they from meeting the deficiency, that they have not kept pace with the increase of population. In Lambeth alone the population is 136,000 souls, and the accommodation for Divine service in places of worship belonging to the Established Church is only 22,000; that provided by Nonconformists, 11,000; leaving a deficiency of more than 100,000. These facts speak for themselves, and appeal to the liberality and feelings of all right-minded Churchmen. If they really wish for the progress of education on true religious principles, they cannot refuse to co-operate in a well-directed endeavour to ensure that result.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

A *conversazione* was held on the evening of the 29th of last month, at 19, Langham Place, for the purpose of reporting the progress of this society. Lord Shaftesbury, who appears to know more than most individuals how long "the sands of life will run," took the chair. This society has received the support of the Council of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. The committee have opened classes for feminine instruction in book-keeping and arithmetic, which will doubtless make the learners competent for many posts from which they are now excluded, and will enable them to compete for certificates at the yearly examination of the Society of Arts. Classes have also been opened to teach law copying, and the specimens exhibited were far superior to the ordinary engrossing of an attorney's office. The walls of the room were ornamented with several works of drawing and painting, from the Female School of Design. An interesting paper, by Miss Emily Faithfull, on the success which has attended the Victoria Printing Press, was read during the evening. The introduction of women into the printing trade appears to be likely to lead to satisfactory results. The Victoria Printing Press was established on the 25th of March last, and notwithstanding the objections raised against it, women seem able to accomplish all parts of the work, as far as composition is concerned; greater strength being required for striking off the sheets. The difficulty of standing to compose has been obviated by the introduction of three-legged stools, on which the compositor sits, and works as fast as she can when standing—a process unknown in men's offices. Twelve compositors are already employed at the Victoria Press. Another occupation connected with printing, which will open employment for the most cultivated class of women, is that of reading and correcting for the press. The Victoria Press is no longer an experiment, it is an established success.

Speeches were made in the course of the evening by Lord Shaftesbury, G. W. Hastings, Esq., the Rev. C. Mackenzie, and others. An especially practical address was given by Sir W. Page Wood, who stated that if women and girls were employed by the telegraph companies, they might also be employed in certain departments of the General Post Office.

YEARLY DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

The yearly distribution of this college took place on Tuesday last, when Lord Stanley presided. The attendance was very numerous, and among those present were Sir E. Ryan, Earl Fortescue, George Grote, Esq., Sir F. Goldsmid, M.P., John Taylor, Esq., F.R.S., Edward Enfield, Esq., Edward Romilly, Esq., Dr. Booth, John Meller, Esq., M.P., H. C. Robinson, Esq., James Booth, Esq., and R. N. Fowler, Esq., Professor Newman, the dean, read the report, which showed an increase of near twenty in the number of students in the faculty of arts and laws. A considerable decrease had taken place in the schoolmasters' classes during the last four years. A change had therefore been made in this department. A new annual exhibition, entitled the Jews' Commemoration Scholarship, of the value of £15, had been awarded for the first time. The museum had received some valuable additions from former pupils in foreign parts, and the library had been increased by donations as well as by purchases from the dividends of the Jews fund. The prizes were then distributed, and the chairman congratulated the students on the satisfactory statement made in the report relating to the discipline which had prevailed in the college. He assured them that the more they attended to this discipline the more they would prove their manliness of feeling, and the soundness of the education within those walls. Looking at the names of the chairmen that had preceded him, he found amongst them men of whom they had reason to be proud, such as the Marquis of Lansdowne, the late Lord Macaulay, the present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the late Lord Grey, and the venerable President of the Institution, Lord Brougham. He congratulated the council upon the manner in which they had thrown open their doors, and received students from the remotest parts of the colonial empire, proving how wide-spread was the influence of England, and how cosmopolitan the power of science. He offered his congratulations to those who had appeared at that table to receive their rewards and praise that day, and added that it was always a welcome task to utter the words of approval and encouragement to those who were about to enter into life, particularly when those praises were given upon a well-grounded foundation. In complimenting the students, he referred to the opinions of some people who contended that all persons were born with the same abilities, but that the extent to which they were developed depended on the exertions of each individual. He denied that theory altogether; but at the same time he cautioned them not to fall into the other extreme, and think too much of the difference between individual capacities, forgetting how much it is within the power of every one to make up any deficiency of which he may feel conscious. The address contained many other pieces of valuable advice. Lord Fortescue proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman, and the proceedings terminated.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The popularity of the rifle movement, and the extreme fineness of the weather, attracted a large number of visitors to the meeting commenced by this association on Monday last, and inaugurated by her Majesty, who fired the first shot. Owing to the charges for entering the ground, the attendance has not been so numerous during the week, but we understand that the shooting has been of a high-class character, and has fully carried out the expectations of all interested in the association. The public will have an excellent opportunity of gratifying their sight-seeing propensities at the Crystal Palace on Monday next, when the prizes to the successful competitors will be awarded by the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, the Minister of War, who will be supported by the council of the association. The Handel orchestra will be decorated for the occasion.

with flags and trophies and the names of the competing corps, and a raised dais erected in front, along which the winners will proceed in turn to receive their prizes. Military bands will occupy the space round the organ, the front rows being occupied by the members of the Rifle Association. Seats will also be provided for the members of the rifle corps, which will produce an imposing display, and will, without doubt, attract a more than usual number of visitors to the Palace, especially as the price of admission will be the same as that of ordinary days.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S.

Before attempting any criticism of the performance of Weber's "Oberon," which was revived at this house on Tuesday last, we think we cannot do better than give our readers some idea of the plot, as thereby they will the better be able to appreciate the difficulties the composer had to strive against in order to render his music a good interpretation of the fairy legend forming equally the basis of our own great poet's "Midsummer-Night's Dream," and of Wieland's well known "Helden Gedicht." They will then discover that the incidents of the piece are distinct in every way from the former, while they are in many cases identical with those of the latter, without, however, partaking of its unity and admirable poetic expression. At the outset we hear that Oberon and his queen have quarrelled; when and where Titania lost her temper, Puck, our informant in other particulars, does not tell us. The subject of their quarrel we learn from him in the following words:—

"Here wife and husband could not well have wrangled
On slighter grounds. Which was the most inconstant,
Woman or man? Debate rose high—in anger,
One east, one west, they speeded as of yore,
Sweating by all that fairies reverence
Never to meet in love till some fond pair
Through weal and woe, mid flood and chains, and fire,
Should keep their plighted faith inviolate,
Unmoved by pleasure and unbent by pain!"

No sooner is the rash vow made than Oberon repents of his precipitancy, and despairs of ever finding among mortals two who should keep their plighted faith inviolate. Espying Puck, to obtain diversion, he bids him tell whence he had come:—

"Some two hours since," replies the little sprite, "I stood
Beside the throne
Of Charlemagne, and heard the strangest sentence
That ever tongue of wrathful monarch spake.
His son waylaid Sir Huon of Bordeaux,
And foudly would have slain him; but, defeated
In the attempt, paid with his own vile life,
In open fight, the forfeit of his treason.
France, with one voice, declared Sir Huon guiltless.
But o'er the juster king,
The partial father triumphed. 'Hence!' he cried,
'Thou hast thy life, but mark on what conditions:
Speed thee to Bagdad; seek the Caliph's hall;
And there, on some high festival, before
The assembled Court,
Slay him who sits upon Haroun's right hand,
Then kiss and claim his daughter as thy bride!'"

Here at once a subject presents itself for Oberon to experiment upon. Puck's power over the elements is brought into requisition, and Sir Huon and Sherasmin, his squire, asleep on a flowery bank, arise before us. Before them, in a dream, passes the image of Reiza, the Caliph's daughter, seated in a kiosk, playing on her lute. The words she utters are—

"O why art thou sleeping, Sir Huon the brave?
A maiden is weeping by Babylon's wave;
Up, up, gallant knight, ere a victim she falls,
Guineo to the rescue! 'tis beauty that calls."

Upon this Sir Huon and his man awake, and receive from the fairy king assurances of protection during his perilous enterprise, and a magic horn, with the promise that, whenever sounded, sudden aid will come. Armed with this mysterious weapon, and inspired with an ardent love for Reiza, the fair one of his dream, Sir Huon prepares himself for the perilous enterprise; but to save all trouble, Puck transports him and the squire in a cloud to their destination—the city of Bagdad—and so, with a rapidity that savours much of the preternatural, brings us to the second act of this strange eventful history, wherein the Caliph is discovered seated in full divan with Prince Babekan, the destined husband of Reiza, his daughter, in-

stalled at his right hand. At the request of the Prince, Reiza is summoned, and no sooner enters the court, attended by her maid Fatima, than the clashing of swords is heard at the door. In the midst of the confusion which this gives rise to, Sir Huon and Sherasmin rush in, and before time for explanation is afforded, cut off the head of Babekan, and carry off Reiza, who recognises in Sir Huon the young knight she, too, had seen in a dream, through Oberon's influence. Thus far the course of true love had run smooth, but it still remained for the fairy king to test its permanency in the hearts of the young couple; so, from henceforth he may be said to act inimically to their interests. Having conducted them, by the power of his mighty wand, to Ascalon, he embarks them on a vessel lying at anchor in the port, which no sooner puts to sea than Puck summons the spirits of the four elements, who obey with the shout—

"We are here! we are here!
Say, what must be done?
Must we cleave the moon's sphere?
Must we darken the sun?
Must we empty the ocean upon its own shore?
Speak! speak! we have power to do this and more?"

To which he replies—

"Nay, nay, your task will be at most
To wreck a barque upon this coast,
Which simple fairy may not do.
And, therefore, have I summoned you!"

Immediately a storm arises; the barque containing Reiza and her maid, and Sir Huon and his squire, is dashed upon the rocks; the two lovers are saved, but only to suffer from the hands of men what they were spared by the elements. Reiza, when morning breaks upon them, is carried off by pirates, and Sir Huon left for dead upon the strand, struck down in attempting to rescue her from their hands. Oberon, however, does not desert him in this trying hour, but, with the assistance of Puck, conveys him to Tunis, where he finds Sherasmin and Fatima, whom he had supposed lost in the storm, slaves in the service of Ibrahim, the Emir's gardener. From them he learns that the pirates had presented Reiza to that potentate; and, following their advice, enters into the employment of the old man Ibrahim, so as to be in a better position to arrange matters for carrying off his bride. But Oberon had not yet tried the constancy of the suffering knight sufficiently to enable him to present him to his queen as a model of that virtue, and therefore determines to submit him to one more trial. Roshana, the wife of Almanzor, the Emir of Tunis, sends for him, declares her love, and bids him, if he will possess her, stab her husband to the heart as he sleeps, overcome by the fumes of wine. Again the knight is true to himself; but in the midst of the fascinating scene Almanzor enters with Reiza, who, at once recognising the long-lost Huon, claims him as her husband. The fate of the unhappy couple now appears certain; Almanzor, unmoved by her entreaties, condemns them both to the stake. The slaves are in the act of carrying them off, when, hark! a horn sounds; they release their hold; the power of magic is upon them—they flee in terror to give place to Oberon and Titania, who, having found that "fond pair" who, "through weal and woe, mid flood and chains and fire, should keep their plighted faith inviolate," are once more united in bonds of amity and friendship.

Such is a brief outline of the imaginative poem on which Carl Maria von Weber has founded his last great work. There is a charm in it which is more appreciable to the senses than expressible by the pen. Men by nature love to revel in the preternatural; to pry into the silent workings of nature has always been a charm for them, and where that is impossible, how great are the delights which attend the unshackled flights of their imagination. Here, then, is the secret which attaches us to "Oberon;" we, as it were, create a world of our own, and, forgetful of the unities of creation, find pleasure in overcoming the difficulties of space by an appeal to the impossible. The great mind of Weber was evidently imbued with the ideal beauty of a world of spirits, thus finding its origin in exercise of man's imagination, when he wrote his melodious score. The music of the spheres and the sweet whisperings of a spirit-world broke upon his ear and lent a rhythm to notes that no other composer has ever equalled in a work of this character. Weber is

essentially the poet-musician of the wild and fairy lore of Germany. Had no other composition than "Oberon" ever emanated from his pen, it cannot be doubted but that he would have found a place among the first of modern musicians. "Oberon," however, as originally written, hardly suited the stage of an Italian opera. The dialogue spoken, when first it was represented at Covent Garden in 1826, would, in the mouth of the Italian and French artists who form the company at Her Majesty's, have been nothing short of ridiculous. It therefore devolved upon Mr. Benedict, the talented *chef d'orchestre* at this theatre, and a pupil of Weber's, to write the recitatives, which he has done in a manner that entitles him to the highest praise, both as a composer and as a conscientious editor. In the discharge of a somewhat thankless task he has evinced a delicacy and solicitude for his master's musical *prestige* that go far to prove how much value he sets upon a proper adherence to original texts, and has thereby set an example to those editors who mutilate the works of their author in order to afford opportunity for the exercise of their own talents (without considering what opinion the public may have formed of them), which we trust will not be without its effect upon them.

But it is time to make mention of those whose admirable acting and singing have rendered the revival of this interesting opera one of the greatest triumphs of Mr. Smith's management; and, in order that the names of none among them may be omitted, we append the cast in *extenso*:—

Sir Huon de Bordeaux (Duke of Guienne).....Signor Mongini
Sherasmin (his Squire).....Signor Everardi.
Haroun El Raschid (Caliph of Bagdad).....Signor Casaboni.
Babekan (a Saracen Prince).....Signor Gassier.
Almanzor (Emir of Tunis).....Signor Castelli.
Abdallah (a Corsair).....Sgr. Mercuiali.
Oberon (King of the Fairies).....Signor Belart.
Puck.....Madlle. Lemaire.
Fatima (attendant to Reiza).....Madame Alboni.
Roshana (wife of Almanzor).....Madlle. Vaneri.
Reiza (daughter of Haroun).....Madame Titiens.

Madame Titiens as Reiza acted and sang with even more energy than she usually does. Her execution of the grand scena, known since Braham's time under the title of "Ocean, thou mighty monster," was magnificently fine; but she must take care not to exert herself too much in the higher notes—a practice which stage tradition tells us tended so much to ruin Miss Paton's vocalisation when the opera was first performed in 1826. Finished to a degree was Madame Alboni's singing in the part of Fatima. The beautiful romance in E minor, and the ballad, "O Araby, dear Araby," were never sung with more refined feeling than she imparted to them on Tuesday evening. Her impersonation of the part hardly equalled her singing; but it is impossible to attain perfection in all things. Signor Everardi did what little he had to do as Sherasmin cleverly and unobtrusively; in truth, Signor Mongini's violent singing and overstrained action prevented any one holding a minor part from obtaining a hearing; so that had he felt inclined to have thrown more originality into the character of the squire, he would scarcely have found an opportunity of doing so. Signor Belart's singing throughout the whole performance was of the highest excellence; we have rarely heard him sing with more taste and feeling. Puck found but a poor representative in Madlle. Lemaire, who hardly entered into the poetic spirit with which the whole career of the sprite is imbued. Madlle. Vaneri as the Mermaid, and afterwards as Roshana, sang with great delicacy and correctness; she was particularly successful in the pretty air allotted to the former. We can bestow nothing but praise on those who superintended the spectacular arrangements of the evening. It may safely be said that under the able direction of Mr. R. Roxby, and Mr. Planché the *mise-en-scène* was such as was never witnessed on the stage of this house, and, contrary to all expectation, the whole passed off without a single hitch. The band and chorus too were well up in their parts; the former was encoined in the overture with just title, for we never heard it better played. In conclusion "Oberon" may safely be pronounced an unqualified triumph, alike for the artists engaged in it as for the manager, whose enterprise has thus brilliantly inaugurated the opening season of Her Majesty's.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

✓ The production of Gluck's great classical opera, "Orfeo e Euridice," at this house, has excited a greater amount of interest among connoisseurs of music than any other piece brought out by Mr. Gye for some time past. Strange to say, it was selected to form the second part of a grand concert which came off last week, and was found, to the great surprise of those present, not to be a mere concert performance, but an actual representation, with all the stage accessories necessary to secure for it a favourable reception. Without entering into a detailed criticism of the work, which would perhaps lead us to encroach upon the grounds of argument held by the Piccinists, in their endeavours to depreciate the works of Gluck, we will simply confine our remarks to the artists engaged in the representation. Madame Cailag, as Orfeo, was even more brilliant and fluent in her singing than on her first appearance. She not only proved herself a conscientious interpreter of an essentially classic part, but also a finished student in the art of musical declamation. Her impersonation was such as to make a marked impression upon her audience, who, scene after scene, expressed their appreciation of her talents by loud and long-continued plaudits. Euridice, although quite secondary in importance to Orfeo, found in Madame Penco a painstaking interpreter; week at times in her vocalisation, but rarely incorrect. L'Amore was allotted to Madame Nantier-Didé, and L'Ombra Felice to Madame Miolan-Carvalho, who both exerted themselves to the utmost; so that the whole work was executed with a taste and finish rarely to be met with on any stage. The scenery, as usual at this house, was unexceptionably fine, while the band and chorus were irreproachable. Mr. Costa presided throughout the evening.

SCIENCE.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT OXFORD.

THE meeting of the British Association, which has just now finished its session in Oxford, selected this place last year, more on account of the extraordinary conveniences that it presents, and among them particularly the new museum, than because it had the first claim to a visit. Manchester was in the foremost place, not this year only, but the year previous, when it was called on to forego its claims to those of Aberdeen, where, by the way, the wily Scots bled their visitors unmercifully, and left an enduring memory of the depredations committed on the pockets of *saxons*, never in this naughty world of ours very deep or very heavy. However, the claims and the perseverance of Manchester were rewarded on this occasion, and the year 1861 will see the wise men in one of the most hospitable, if one of the smokiest, cities on the earth.

Our readers will be aware that the British Association is divided into seven sections, known by the first seven letters of the alphabet, of which the first is—on Platonic grounds, one supposes—assigned to mathematics, and the last, to the latest and strongest of the scientific *inths*, mechanics. One of the sections, Botany and Zoology, has divided itself, and has, like some of the lower zoophytes, gained strength and separate individuality from the section. So that really there were eight contemporaneous readings and detailings; and the impossibility of being in two places at one time was intensified.

The proceedings on Wednesday last, June 27th, commenced with Lord Wrottesley's address, which, however good, was in delivery somewhat dull. The latter part was a criticism on some proceedings of the university in relation to science, which was on the whole adverse to the university, and so perhaps in questionable taste. However, the noble lord's audience was disposed to be good-humoured, and even the jest of Professor Phillips, on the marvellous rapidity obtained by the art of printing, since the president's address was actually printed before it was finished, was received with whirlwinds of applause. After this, a general committee meeting was held, in which Professors Sharpey and Huxley advocated the creation of an independent section of Physiology, but were defeated, as much through the instrumentality, it would seem, of a funny old white-headed Irishman, as anything else.

In truth, the division could not be logically maintained. To have eliminated physiology and anatomy out of botany and zoology would have eviscerated the whole affair. Nay, it would not have left feathers, skin, or hair, for all these, I take it, are physiological elements. So the question was lost, and after the necessary routine the meeting separated. Then the sectional secretaries went to their work, and elaborated their Thursday lists.

The Vice-Chancellor gave an evening party on Wednesday, which was crammed to the full, and this in spite of incessant and pitiless rain. The hall at Pembroke, the size of which is very respectable, was as thick as could be, Lord Derby, all smiles and silk, being present, with as many people as could get in, or had arrived. There was plenty of gossip, and plenty of everything to refresh the guests. Everything was provided as liberally and as conveniently as could be.

Many of the visitors were accommodated in the colleges, plenty of rooms, as the Long Vacation has commenced, being available. The supply of foreigners was as numerous as ever, and I am sorry to say, as shabby-looking and unwashed. One old gentleman, in a most objectionable-looking skull-cap, and generally seedy appearance, seemed to be everywhere; and whenever I met him, at least, was invariably gesticulating in the most frantic fashion. He was, I take it, a Russian or a Pole, for his name was painfully Slavonic, exceedingly long, and wholly unpronounceable.

The area of the new museum was used for the evening services. This place, which has a plate-glass roof, supported on iron columns made to represent trees, is very convenient, but rather like a magnificent goods station. But being spacious, furnished with corridors—or, as we should call them, a double row of cloisters—it was the best possible place for accommodating a large crowd. Soirees took place there on Thursday, Friday, Monday, and Tuesday, the professor of botany, Dr. Daubeny, throwing open his house and the botanic garden on Saturday evening.

As I have already said, it was impossible to be in more places than one, and so one cannot give any account of the sayings and doings which shall be other than partial. But there were abundant elements of amicable strife in all the sections, except, maybe, mathematics—where, by the way, somebody professed himself ready to square the circle, and actually published a bulky pamphlet to that effect; and above all, of course, in that section where the disputative faculty is most largely cultivated—namely, that known by the name of economic science and statistics. Here the elements of discord are most largely combined, and the most easy opportunities occur for a storm.

Dr. Darwin's theory, and the discovery of the so-called shaped flints, were of course fruitful subjects of various opinion. Most people, it seems, think that the induction of the former distinguished naturalist is rash, if not hasty. But it was an inevitable subject of disquisition, and while some among the naturalists were disposed to recognise in the theory the approximation towards a truth, and at any rate the most rational interpretation ever yet offered of an acknowledged physiological difficulty, others looked on it as wholly destructive of the dignity of man and the realities of revealed religion. Hence among others the Bishop of Oxford opposed the theory, and opposed it very effectively. It seems that Professor Huxley had appeared to endorse a view that man might by successive stages of development be probably descended from an ape, and the bishop rallied the professor on his hypothetical paternity, and put to him whether he would be content to be reduced to such a pedigree; to which the professor, blandly smiling, said, "If it were a matter to me of choice that I should accept as my father a person whose vast abilities and large eloquence were devoted to the casting ridicule on the patient and conscientious students of science, and of perversely distorting their reasoning, I should perhaps prefer the humble ape."

The antiquity of man was a moot question. Some gave him thirteen thousand years, others more or less. A worthy and gallant admiral, who was present at one of these debates—for they were intermittent—after saying, as is the wont of such

glorious old warriors, that he would not detain them a minute, fulminated at the scientific men with a pocket Bible in his hand, which, by the way, he called his pocket-book; and was not to be put down by Murchison, who, whatever may be his merits, is at least as conscious of them as other people. At last the audience rose *en masse*, and insisted on the gallant admiral stopping, which he did with the air of a martyr, and the satisfaction of an approving conscience.

Some characteristic occurrences took place in the economic science department. A Mr. Fawcett, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, a gentleman who has the misfortune to be blind, throw down the gauntlet to Dr. Whewell, in a paper entitled, "Dr. Whewell on the Method of Political Economy." The reference was to a preface to an edition of Jones's posthumous works, which appeared under the editorship of Dr. Whewell. The section-room was crowded, for both combatants were worth hearing—Mr. Fawcett having, besides the peculiar circumstances attaching to him, a very considerable power of expression, and very good logical method, and Dr. Whewell being, as you all know, a massive enough individual, both in mind and body. However, the dispute came to nothing, for both parties shirked the real question, which eventuated in a disputed interpretation of some expressions used by the Master of Trinity. The next day, too, Mr. Fawcett made an able and characteristic speech about co-operative societies.

One of the most striking, however, of these efforts was that made on Saturday by Lord Montague. Some sentiment having been expressed by one of the speakers, which was horribly heretical, the old man spoke for half an hour with singular eloquence and clearness, and with a very considerable share of wit. He was very well received, and loudly cheered, for one seldom sees such elderly men in such remarkable possession of all the powers of debate; you must remember he did not make a set speech.

Why should I talk to your readers of the wonders exhibited by the mechanicians? In one place one saw a new rifled cannon, in another an atmospheric washing machine, in a third place a loom worked by electricity, in a fourth a carriage driven by steam, and adapted for travelling on roads—on which, it goes at the rate, so it is said, of eighty miles an hour when the way is level. But the whole place is full of such wonderments, and the succession of objects makes the arrangement a confusion. And when there is added to what you see a very Babel of what you hear, one may be excused for feeling that the meeting of the British Association, though a very enjoyable thing, is wisely limited to the space of seven days.

We now proceed to give a condensed report of the entire proceedings of the week.

We regret that our limits will not allow us to give Lord Wrottesley's admirable speech *in extenso*. The noble lord's remarks on astronomy were especially interesting and valuable. The following are the more remarkable portions of the address. After speaking of his residence in Oxford in 1814, his early love of science, and paying a graceful and affectionate tribute to the memory of his old tutor, Lord Wrottesley discusses—

THE EARLY GEOLOGISTS.

It was at this period that a small knot of geologists, headed by Broderip, Buckland, the two Conybeares and Kidd, had begun to stimulate the curiosity of the students and resident graduates by lectures and geological excursions in the neighbourhood of this town. The lively illustrations of Buckland, combined with genuine talent, by degrees attracted crowds to his teaching; and the foundations of that interesting science, already advancing under the illustrious Cuvier in France, and destined soon to spread over Europe, were at this time fairly laid in England within these classical halls. Many a time in those days have my studies been agreeably interrupted by the cheerful laugh which invariably accompanied the quaint and witty terms in which Buckland usually announced to his brother geologists some new discovery, or illustrated the facts and principles of his favourite science. At the time, however, to which I refer, the study of physical science was chiefly confined to a somewhat scanty attendance on the chemical lectures of Dr. Kidd,

and on those on experimental philosophy by Rigaud; and in pure mathematics the fluxional notation still kept its ground. In the year 1818, Vince's astronomy, and in the following year the differential notation, were first introduced in the mathematical examinations for honours. At that time that fine foundation, the Radcliffe Observatory, was wholly inactive; the observer was in declining health, and the establishment was neither useful to astronomical students, nor did it contribute in any way to the advancement of astronomical science. Even from the commencement of the present century, and in proportion as the standard of acquirement in classical learning was gradually raised by the emulation excited by the examinations for honours, the attendance on the above-mentioned lectures gradually declined: but a similar cause enhanced the acquirements of students in pure and applied mathematics, and the university began to number among its graduates and professors men of great eminence in those departments of knowledge. Nor were the other sciences neglected; and as chairs became vacant, or new professorships were established, men of European reputation were appointed to fill them. In proof of all this, I need only direct attention to the names on the roll of secretaries, vice-presidents, and presidents of sections, to convince you that Oxford now contains among her resident graduates men amply qualified to establish and advance the scientific fame of that university of which they are the established ornaments.

THE LATE MR. JOHNSON.

I never knew any one who had the interests of science more truly at heart, or laboured more diligently to advance them, than the late Radcliffe Observer, Mr. Manuel Johnson. By his exertions and indefatigable zeal, the Radcliffe Observatory was enabled to take its proper place among the Scientific Institutions of the world. I was myself a candidate in 1839 for that office to which Mr. Johnson was then appointed, and I have often rejoiced that I was not successful, as it would have retarded for a time the promotion of one to whom astronomy owes a deep debt of gratitude. Mr. Johnson was suddenly taken from us at a time when he was in the full career of his useful labours, and there are few labourers in science whose loss has been more deplored. The university has very lately lost another learned professor, and myself another valued friend, whose contributions to science are well known and duly esteemed. The great tragic poet of Greece introduces his hero accusing his heathen gods of rescuing from the grave the vile and worthless, and sending thither the good and useful:—

.....τὰ δὲ βίαια καὶ τὰ χρεστά
ἀποστέλλουσιν αἶψι.

Our purer faith, in meek resignation, trusts that they are removed from evil to come, and that there at least they rest from their labours—rest from earthly toil and trouble, but awake, maybe, to higher aims and aspirations, and with nobler faculties and duties.

ON THE PROGRESS OF ASTRONOMICAL SCIENCE.

It is now time that I should direct my attention to the general domain of science; but more particularly to that department to which my own labours, humble though they be, have been more especially devoted—I mean the science of astronomy, a science which, whether we consider the surpassing interest of the subjects with which it is conversant, or the lofty nature of the speculations to which its inquiries lead, must ever occupy a most distinguished, if not the first, place among all others. In a discourse addressed in May, 1859, to the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna, by the distinguished astronomer Littrow, a very full account is given of the voluntary contributions of the private observers of all nations to the extension of the science of astronomy; and this discourse concludes with a remarkable sentence, of which our English amateurs may well be proud: he expresses a hope that on the next occasion in which he shall be called upon to dilate on the same theme, he shall not as then have to mention English names in such preponderating numbers. At the beginning of the year 1820, when the Astronomical Society was founded, the private

observatories in this country were very few in number. The establishment of that society gave a most remarkable stimulus to the cultivation of the science which it was intended to promote. I can give no better proof of this than the fact that the "Nautical Almanac" now contains a list of no less than twelve private observatories in the United Kingdom, at nearly all of which some good work has been done; and in addition to this, some observatories, which have been since discontinued, have performed most important services—I may instance that of the two Herschels at Slough, and that of Admiral Smyth at Bedford. The observations of our private observers have been chiefly devoted to seven important objects:—First, The observing and mapping of the smaller stars, under which term I include all those which do not form the peculiar province of the public observer; secondly, The observations of the positions and distances of double stars; thirdly, Observations, delineations, and catalogues of the nebulae; fourthly, Observations of the minor planets; fifthly, Cometary observations; sixthly, Observations of the solar spots, and other phenomena on the sun's disc; seventhly, Occultations of stars by the moon, eclipses of the heavenly bodies, and other occasional extra-meridional observations.

THE NEBULÆ.

The Nebulae are, as it were, systems or rings of stars scattered through space at incredible distances from our star system, and perhaps from one another; and there are many of these mysterious clouds of light, and there may be endless invisible regions of space similarly tenanted. Now, the nearest fixed star of our star system whose distance has been measured, is the brightest in the constellation Centaur, one of the southern constellations, and this nearest is yet so far removed, that it takes light, travelling at the rate of about 192,000 miles per second, three years to arrive at the earth from that star. When we gaze at it, therefore, we see it only as it existed three years ago; some great convulsion of nature may have since destroyed it. But there are many bright stars in our own system, whose distance is so much greater than this, as α Cygni, for example, that astronomers have not succeeded in measuring it. What, then, must be the distance of these nebulae, with which so much space is filled; every component star in which may be a sun, with its own system of planets and comets revolving round it, each planet inhabited by myriads of inhabitants? What an overpowering view does this give us of the extent of creation! The component stars of these nebulae are so faint, and, apparently, so close together, that it is necessary to use telescopes of great power, and with apertures so large as to admit a great amount of light, for their observation. We owe it more especially to four individuals that telescopes have been constructed at a great cost and with great mechanical skill, sufficiently powerful to penetrate these depths of space. Those four individuals are the Herschels, father and son, Lord Rosse, and Mr. W. Lassell.

COMETS.

Of all the phenomena of the heavens, there are none which excite more general interest than comets—those vagrant strangers, the gipsies, as they have been termed, of our solar system, which often come we know not whence, and at periods when we least expect them: and such is the effect produced by the strangeness and suddenness of their appearance, and the mysterious nature of some of the facts connected with them, that while in ignorant times they excited alarm, they now sometimes seduce men to leave other employments and become astronomers. Now, though the larger and brighter comets naturally excite most general public interest, and are really valuable to astronomers, as exhibiting appearances which tend to throw light on the internal structure of these bodies, and the nature of the forces which must be in operation to produce the extraordinary phenomena observed, yet some of the smaller telescopic comets are, perhaps, more interesting in a physical point of view. Thus the six periodical comets, the orbits of which have been determined with tolerable accuracy, and which return at stated intervals, are extremely useful, as being likely to disclose facts of which, but for them, we should possibly have ever remained ignorant. Thus, for example, when the comet of Encke, which performs

its revolution in a period of a little more than three years, was observed at each return, it disclosed the important and unexpected fact, that its motion was continually accelerated. At each successive approach to the sun it arrives at its perihelion sooner and sooner and there is no way of accounting for this; so satisfactory as that of supposing that the space in which the planetary and cometary notions are performed is everywhere pervaded by a very rarefied atmosphere or ether, so thin as to exercise no perceptible effect on the movements of massive solid bodies like the planets, but substantial enough to exert a very important influence on more attenuated substances moving with great velocity. The effect of the resistance of the ether is to retard the tangential motion, and allow the attractive force of gravity to draw the body nearer to the sun, by which the dimensions of the orbit are continually contracted and the velocity in it augmented. The final result will be that, after the lapse of ages, this comet will fall into the sun; this body, a mere hazy cloud, continually flickering as it were like a celestial moth round the great luminary, is at some distant period destined to be mercilessly consumed. Now the discovery of this ether is deeply interesting as bearing on other important physical questions, such as the undulatory theory of light; and the probability of the future absorption of comets by the sun is important as connected with a very interesting speculation by Professor Wm. Thomson, who has suggested that the heat and light of the sun may be from time to time replenished by the falling in and absorption of countless meteors which circulate round him; and here we have a cause revealed which may accelerate or produce such an event. On the 1st of September last, at eighteen minutes past 11 A.M., a distinguished astronomer, Mr. Carrington, had directed his telescope to the sun, and was engaged in observing his spots, when suddenly two intensely luminous bodies burst into view on its surface. They moved side by side through a space of about 35,000 miles, first increasing in brightness, then fading away; in five minutes they had vanished. They did not alter the shape of a group of large black spots which lay directly in their paths. Momentary as this remarkable phenomenon was, it was fortunately witnessed and confirmed, as to one of the bright lights, by another observer, Mr. Hodgson, at Highgate, who, by a happy coincidence, had also his telescope directed to the great luminary at the same instant. It may be, therefore, that these two gentlemen have actually witnessed the process of feeding the sun, by the fall of meteoric matter; but however this may be, it is a remarkable circumstance, that the observations at Kew show that on the very day, and at the very hour and minute of this unexpected and curious phenomenon, a moderate but marked magnetic disturbance took place; and a storm or great disturbance of the magnetic elements occurred four hours after midnight, extending to the southern hemisphere. Thus is exhibited a seeming connection between magnetic phenomena and certain actions taking place on the sun's disc—a connection, which the observations of Schwabe, compared with the magnetical records of our colonial observatories, had already rendered nearly certain. The remarkable results derived from the comparison of the magnetical observations of Captain Maguire on the shores of the Polar Sea, with the contemporaneous records of these observatories, have been described by me on a former occasion. The delay of the government in re-establishing the colonial observatories has hitherto retarded that further development of the magnetic laws, which would doubtless have resulted from the prosecution of such researches.

GOVERNMENT AID TO SCIENCE.

I cannot allude to the subject of Arctic voyages without congratulating the Association on the safe return of Sir Leopold McClintock and his gallant band, after accomplishing safely and satisfactorily the object of their interesting mission. The great results accomplished with such small means, and chiefly by the display of those qualities of indomitable courage, energy, and perseverance which never fail the British seaman in the hour of need, are the theme of general admiration; but I may be permitted in passing to express some regret, that it was left to the devoted affection of a widowed lady,

slightly aided by private contributions, to achieve a victory in which the honour of the nation was so largely involved,—the rather the danger of the enterprise, the pretext for non-interference, was much enhanced thereby, and the accessions to our scientific and geographical knowledge proportionately curtailed. The instances to which I have alluded are only a few of many which could be adduced of an insufficient appreciation of certain objects of scientific research. Large sums are expended on matters connected with science, but this is done on no certain and uniform system; and there is no proper security that those who are most competent to give good advice on such questions should be the actual persons consulted. It was partly with the hope of remedying these defects, and of generally improving the position of science in the country in its relation to the Government, that the Parliamentary committee of this Association was established; and it was partly with the same hope that I was induced to accept the honourable office of president of the Royal Society, though conscious at the time that there were very many far better qualified than myself to hold it. Many of those whom I am now addressing are aware of the steps which were adopted by the Parliamentary committee, and subsequently by the committee of recommendations of this Association, for the purpose of collecting the opinions of the cultivators of science on the question.—Whether any measures could be adopted by Government or Parliament that would improve our position? The question was afterwards referred to and discussed by the council of the Royal Society, who, on the 15th of January, 1857, agreed upon twelve resolutions in reply thereto. These resolutions recommend, among other things, that government grants in aid of local funds should be applied towards the teaching of science in schools, the formation of provincial museums and libraries, and the delivery of lectures by competent persons, accompanied by examinations; and finally, that some existing scientific body, or some board to be created for the purpose, should be formally recognised, which might advise the Government on all matters connected with science, and especially on the prosecution, reduction, and publication of scientific researches, and the amount of Parliamentary or other grants in aid thereof; also on the general principles to be adopted in reference to public scientific appointments, and on the measures necessary for the more general diffusion of a knowledge of physical science among the nation at large; and which might also be consulted by the government on the grants of pensions to the cultivators of science. I was requested to transmit these resolutions to Lord Palmerston and also to the Parliamentary committee of this Association. Since that period these resolutions have been discussed by that committee; but partly because some of its most influential members have expressed grave doubts as to the expediency of urging their adoption at all, and partly for want of a favourable opportunity for bringing them forward, nothing further has as yet been done. I thought, however, that the time was arrived at which it was only proper that I should explain the steps which had been already taken, and the actual position in which the question now stands. If it be true, as some of our friends imagine, that the recognition of such a body as has been above described, however useful it might prove if the public were disposed to put confidence in its suggestions, would only augment that feeling of jealousy which is disposed to view every application for aid to scientific research in the light of a request for some personal boon, to be bestowed on some favoured individual, then indeed its institution would not be expedient. I only wish that persons who entertain such views would pay some attention to the working of the government grant committee of the Royal Society, a body composed of forty-two persons selected from among the most eminent cultivators of science, and which is entrusted with the distribution of an annual sum of £1,000, placed by Parliament at the disposal of the Royal Society, at the suggestion of Lord John Russell, in aid of scientific inquiries. One of the rules of that committee is, that no sum whatever shall be given to defray the merely personal expenses of the expe-

rimenter; all is spent on materials, and the construction or purchase of instruments, except in a very few and rare instances in which travelling expenses form the essential feature of the outlay. A list of the objects to which the grants are devoted has been published by Parliament: among them are interesting investigations into the laws of heat; the strength of materials used in building; the best form of boilers, from the bursting of which so many fatal accidents are continually occurring; the electric conductivity of metals, so important for telegraphic communication; and into many other questions, in the solution of which the public generally have the deepest interest. The cost of these researches has been defrayed by these valuable grants. They have provided also for the construction of better and standard meteorological and magnetical instruments, for the execution of valuable drawings of scarce fossils and zoological specimens collected with great labour by distinguished naturalists, for the reduction and publication of astronomical observations by some of our most highly-esteemed astronomers, and for physiological researches which have an important bearing on our knowledge of the human frame. Time, indeed, would fail me were I to attempt to describe all the good done, and perhaps evil prevented, by the distribution of these grants; and yet no portion of the money can be said to be really received by those to whom it is appropriated, inasmuch as it is all spent in the various means and appliances of research; in short, to quote from a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury, at a time when the grant was temporarily withheld, "by the aid of this contribution, the government has, in fact, obtained for the advancement of science and the national character the personal and gratuitous services of men of first-rate eminence, which, without this comparatively small assistance, would not have been so applied." I think that we were justified in terming this assistance small; for it is really so in comparison with the amount of other sums which are applied to analogous objects, but without that wholesome control of intelligent distributors, thoroughly and intimately conversant with the characters and competency of those who apply for the grants. The recognition of such a board as has been sketched out by the council of the Royal Society may not lead to a greater expenditure of public money; indeed, it is much more likely to curtail it; as some who now apply for aid through the interest of persons having influence with those in authority, who are generally but ill-informed on the subject-matter of the application, would hesitate long before they made a similar request to those who are thoroughly conversant with it; and it is on this account that comparatively few of the applications to the government grant committee are rejected. Moreover, inasmuch as every grant passed by the proposed board would afterwards receive the jealous scrutiny of Parliament, whose sanction must of course be obtained, I am disposed to think that were I to support the establishment of such a scientific council, or the formal recognition by the state of some scientific body in that capacity, I should be advocating that which would prove a valuable addition to the institutions of my country. Before I finally conclude my observations on the important question I have introduced to your notice, and on which, perhaps, I have already said too much, at the risk of wearying you, I must guard myself against one misapprehension, and that is, that we are anxious to obtain a large augmentation of the £1,000 now voted by Parliament. This is by no means our wish. That annual sum is in ordinary years sufficient, and sometimes more than sufficient, and there is nothing that would be more deprecated than any large increase; but there is a very general feeling among those most competent to form an opinion on these matters, that when the well-considered interests of science and the national good demand an extraordinary outlay, such as cannot be defrayed out of the proceeds of the ordinary yearly grant,—as, for example, for surveying and exploring expeditions, for the establishment and maintenance of magnetic observatories, for the purchase of costly astronomical instruments, for expensive astronomical excursions, such as that to Tenerife,—that the expediency of the grant is more likely to be properly investigated and tested if referred to those whose

avocations have given them the requisite knowledge, than if the concession or rejection of the proposal be permitted to depend on such accidents as, whether this or that individual apply, or this or that statesman fill the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ACCELERATION OF THE MOON'S MOTION.

A curious controversy has lately arisen on the subject of the acceleration of the moon's motion, which is now exciting great interest among mathematicians and physical astronomers. Prof. Adams and M. Delaunay take one view of the question; MM. Plana, Pontécoulant, and Hansen, the other. Mr. Airy, Mr. Main, the President of the Astronomical Society, and Sir John Lubbock, support the conclusions at which Prof. Adams has arrived. The question in dispute is strictly mathematical; and it is a very remarkable circumstance in the history of astronomy that such great names should be ranged on opposite sides, seeing that the point involved is really no other than whether certain analytical operations have been conducted on right principles; and it is a proof, therefore, if any were wanting, of the extraordinary complexity and difficulty of these transcendental inquiries. The controversy is of the following nature:—The moon's motion round the earth, which would be otherwise uniform, is disturbed by the sun's attraction: any cause therefore which affects the amount of that attraction affects also the moon's motion: now, as the eccentricity of the earth's orbit is gradually decreasing, the average distance of the sun is slightly increasing every year, and his disturbing force becomes less; hence the moon is brought nearer the earth, but at the rate of less than one inch yearly; her gravitation towards the earth is greater, and her motion is proportionably accelerated. It is on the secular acceleration of the moon's mean motion, arising from this minute yearly approach, that the dispute has arisen; so infinitesimally small are the quantities within the reach of modern analysis. Mr. Adams asserts that his predecessors have improperly omitted the consideration of the effect produced by the action of that part of the sun's disturbing force which acts in the direction of a tangent to the moon's orbit, and which increases the velocity; his opponents deny that it is necessary to take this into account at all. Had not M. Delaunay, an able French analyst, by a perfectly independent process, confirmed the results of Prof. Adams, we should have had the English and Continental astronomers waging war on an algebraical question. On the other hand, however, the computations of the ancient lunar eclipses support the views of the Continent; but if Mr. Adams's mathematics are correct, this only shows that there must be other causes in operation, as yet undiscovered, which influence the result; and it is not at all unlikely that this most curious and interesting controversy will eventually lead to some important discovery in physical astronomy.

CHEMISTRY.

In chemistry I am informed that great activity has been displayed, especially in the organic department of the science. For several years past processes of substitution (or displacement of one element or organic group by another element or group more or less analogous) have been the main agents employed in investigation, and the results to which they have led have been truly wonderful; enabling the chemist to group together several compounds of comparatively simple constitution into others much more complex, and thus to imitate, up to a certain point, the phenomena which take place within the growing plant or animal. It is not, indeed, to be anticipated that the chemist should ever be able to produce by the operations of the laboratory the arrangement of the elements in the forms of the vegetable cell or the animal fibre; but he may hope to succeed in preparing some of the complex results of secretion or of chemical changes produced within the living organism—changes which furnish definite crystallisable compounds, such as the formates and the acetates, and which he has actually obtained by operations independent of the plant or the animal. Hofmann, in pursuing the chemical investigation of the remarkable compound which he has termed *Triethylphosphine*, has obtained some very singular compound ammonias. *Triethylphosphine* is a body

which takes fire spontaneously when its vapour is mixed with oxygen, at a temperature a little above that of the body. It may be regarded as ammonia in which an atom of phosphorus has taken the place of nitrogen, and in which the place of each of the three atoms of hydrogen in ammonia is supplied by ethyl, the peculiar hydrocarbon of ordinary alcohol. From this singular base Hofmann has succeeded in procuring other coupled bases, which though they do not correspond to any of the natural alkalis of the vegetable kingdom, such as morphia, quinia, or strychnia, yet throw some light upon the mode in which complex bodies more or less resembling them have been formed. The power which nitrogen possesses of forming a connecting link between the groups of substances of comparatively simple constitution, has been remarkably exemplified by the discovery of a new class of amide acids by Griess, in which he has pointed out a new method, which admits of very general application, of producing complex bodies related to the group of acids, in some measure analogous to the poly-ammonias of Hofmann. Turning to the practical applications of chemistry, we may refer to the beautiful dyes now extracted from aniline, an organic base formerly obtained as a chemical curiosity from the products of the distillation of coal tar, but now manufactured by the hundred-weight in consequence of the extensive demand for the beautiful colours known as Mauve, Magenta, and Solferino, which are prepared by the action of oxidising agents, such as bichromate of potash, corrosive sublimate, and iodide of mercury upon aniline. Nor has the inorganic department of chemistry been deprived of its due share of important advances. Schönbein has continued his investigations upon ozone, and has added many new facts to our knowledge of this interesting substance; and Andrews and Tait, by their elaborate investigations, have shown that ozone, whether admitted to be an allotropic modification of oxygen or not, is certainly much more dense than oxygen in its ordinary condition.

EXPLORATION OF CAVERNS.

The exploration of caverns, both in the British Isles and other parts of Europe, has in the last few years been prosecuted with renewed ardour and success, although the theoretical explanation of many of the phenomena brought to light seems as yet to baffle the skill of the ablest geologists. Dr. Falconer has given us an account of the remains of several hundred hippopotami, obtained from one cavern, near Palermo, in a locality where there is now no running water. The same paleontologist, aided by Col. Wood, of Glamorganshire, has recently extracted from a single cave in the Gower peninsula of South Wales, a vast quantity of the antlers of a reindeer (perhaps of two species of reindeer), both allied to the living one. These fossils are most of them shed horns; and there have been already no less than 1,100 of them dug out of the mud filling one cave. In the cave of Brixham, in Devonshire, and in another near Palermo, in Sicily, flint implements were observed by Dr. Falconer, associated in such a manner with the bones of extinct mammals, as to lead him to infer that man must have co-existed with several lost species of quadrupeds; and M. de Vibraye has also this spring called attention to analogous conclusions, at which he has arrived by studying the position of a human jaw with teeth, accompanied by the remains of a mammoth, under the stalagmite of the Grotto d'Arcis, near Troyes, in France.

CONCLUSION.

And now, in conclusion, I may perhaps be permitted to express the hope that the examples I have given of some of the researches and discoveries which occupy the attention of the cultivators of science may have tended to illustrate the sublime nature, engrossing interest, and paramount utility of such pursuits, from which their beneficial influence in promoting the intellectual progress and the happiness and well-being of mankind may well be inferred. But let us assume that to any of the classical writers of antiquity, sacred or profane, a sudden revelation had been made of all the wonders involved in creation accessible to man; that to them had been disclosed not only what we now know, but what we are to know hereafter, in some future

age of improved knowledge; would they not have delighted to celebrate the marvels of the Creator's power? They would have described the secret forces by which the wandering orbs of light are retained in their destined paths; the boundless extent of the celestial spaces in which worlds on worlds are heaped; the wonderful mechanism by which light and heat are conveyed through distances which to mortal minds seem quite unfathomable; the mysterious agency of electricity, destined at one time to awaken men's minds to an awful sense of a present Providence, but in after-times to become a patient minister of man's will, and convey his thoughts with the speed of light across the inhabited globe; the beauties and prodigies of contrivance which the animal and vegetable world display, from mankind downwards to the lowest zoophyte, from the stately oak of the primeval forest to the humblest plant which the microscope unfolds to view; the history of every stone on the mountain brow, of every gay-coloured insect which flutters in the sunbeam—all would have been described, and all which the discoveries of our more fortunate posterity will in due time disclose, and in language such as none but they could command. It is reserved for future ages to sing such a glorious hymn to the Creator's praise. But is there not enough now seen and heard to make indifference to the wonders around us a deep reproach, nay, almost a crime? If we have neither leisure nor inclination to track the course of the planet and comet through boundless space; to follow the wanderings of the subtle fluid in the galvanic coil or the nicely-poised magnet; to read the world's history written on her ancient rocks, the sepulchres of stony relics of ages long gone past; to analyse with curious eye the wonderful combinations of the primitive elements and the secret mysteries of form and being in animal and plant; discovering everywhere connecting links, and startling analogies, and proofs of adaptation of means to ends—all tending to charm the senses, to teach to reclaim a being who seems but a creeping worm in the presence of this great creation—what, I repeat, if we will not, or cannot, do these things, or any of these things,—is that any reason why these speaking marvels should be to us almost as though they were not? *Marvels* indeed they are; but they are also mysteries, the unravelling of some of which tasks to the utmost the highest order of human intelligence. Let us ever apply ourselves seriously to the task, feeling assured that the more we thus exercise, and by exercising improve, our intellectual faculties, the more worthy shall we be, the better shall we be fitted, to come nearer to our God.

The President sat down amidst great applause.

Lord Derby, in moving a vote of thanks, paid a graceful compliment to the President. It was now forty years ago since he (Lord Derby) and Lord Wrottesley were undergraduates at Christ Church. During his career at that college, Lord Wrottesley gave the best proof of the bent of his taste and talents, by taking a first class in mathematics; and they could all bear witness to the zeal and industry with which, from that time to this, he had pursued the course of science, and with that success which fairly entitled him to the honour which he had received in being elected President of the Association. (Hear.) In the office which he (Lord Derby) had the honour of holding, he begged to convey their thanks to the President for his able and interesting address. He would not add a single word on that subject, because the interests of science were in the hands of a President, and under his care he felt that they would suffer no loss or damage; but he trusted that it would not be without its permanent influence on the studies of the university. (Hear, hear.)

Professor Phillips then announced that in compliance with a generally expressed wish, the President had given instructions for his address to be printed, so that every member of the Association might possess a copy. Those instructions had been so promptly carried out by the printer, that the copies were now ready for distribution; but if the supply were not equal to the demand, he hoped the deficiency would be obviated by the gentlemen surrendering their claims to the ladies. (Laughter and applause.)

A business meeting had been previously held in the Town-Hall; at which the report of the council, the Kew report, the Parliamentary report, and the Treasurer's Account, were read and received. From the report of the Kew committee we extract this excellent account of the Observatory:—

"The observatory is situated in the middle of the old Deer Park, Richmond, Surrey, and is about three-quarters of a mile from the Richmond Railway Station. Its longitude is $0^{\circ} 18' 47''$ W., and its latitude is $51^{\circ} 28' 6''$ N. It is built north and south. The repose produced by its complete isolation is eminently favourable to scientific research. In one of the lower rooms a set of self-recording magnetographs, described in the report of the last meeting of this Association, is constantly at work. These instruments, by the aid of photography, furnish a continuous record of the changes which take place in the three magnetic elements, viz., the declination, the horizontal force, and the vertical force. The light used is that of gas, in order to obtain which, pipes have been carried across the park to the observatory, at an expense of £250, which sum was generously defrayed by a grant from the Royal Society. Attached to this room is another, of a smaller size, in which the necessary photographic operations connected with magnetography are conducted. In the story above the basement, the room by which the visitor enters the observatory is filled with apparatus. Much of this is the property of the Royal Society, and some of the instruments possess an historical value; for instance, the air-pump used by Boyle, and the convertible pendulum designed by Captain Kater, and employed by him, and subsequently by General Sabine, in determining the length of the pendulum vibrating seconds. An inner room, which opens from this one, is used as a library and sitting-room, and in it the calculations connected with the work of the observatory are performed. In this room dipping-needles and magnets, which it is necessary to preserve from rust, are stored. Here also the MS. of the British Association catalogue of stars is preserved. A room to the east of this contains the standard barometers, and the apparatus (described by Mr. Welsh in the 'Transactions of the Royal Society,' vol. 146, p. 507) for verifying and comparing marine barometers with the standard. This room has also accommodation for the marine barometers sent for verification. In the middle of the room is a solid block of masonry, extending through the floor to the ground below. To this an astronomical quadrant was formerly attached; it is now used as a support for the standard barometers. This room contains also a photographic barograph invented by Mr. Francis Ronalds, which, though not at present in operation, may serve as a model for any one who wishes to have an instrument of this description. It is described by Mr. Ronalds in the report of the British Association for 1851. In a room to the west of the library, thermometers for the Board of Trade, the Admiralty, and opticians, are compared with a standard thermometer by means of a very simple apparatus devised by the late Mr. Welsh. The observatory also possesses a dividing-engine by Perreux, by means of which standard thermometers are graduated. It was purchased by a grant from the Royal Society. In this room the pure water required for photographic processes is obtained by distillation; and here also a small transit telescope is placed for ascertaining time. The transit instrument is erected in a line between two meridian marks—one to the north and the other to the south of the observatory; so that, by means of suitable openings, either of these marks may be viewed by the telescope. In a higher story is the work-shop, containing, among other things, a slide-lathe by Whitworth, and a planing machine by Armstead, both of which were presented to the Kew Observatory by the Royal Society. In the dome is placed the photoheliograph for obtaining pictures of the sun's disc; attached to the dome there is a small chamber in which the photographic processes connected with the photoheliograph are conducted. This chamber is supplied with water by means of a force-pump. A self-recording Robinson's anemometer is also attached to the dome. In addition to the rooms now specified, there are the private apartments attached to the observatory. On the

north side of the observatory there is an apparatus, similar to that used at the Toronto observatory, for containing the wet and dry bulb, the maximum, and the minimum thermometers. The model magnetic house, elsewhere alluded to in this report, stands at a distance of about 60 yards from the observatory; and the small wooden house in which the absolute magnetic observations are made, at a distance of about 110 yards. These houses are within a wooden paling, which fences them off from the remainder of the park, and encloses about one acre of ground attached to the observatory."

THE SECTIONS.

The following is a list of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and Secretaries of the various sections:—

SECTION A.—Mathematical and Physical Science.

President: Rev. B. Price, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Oxford. Vice-Presidents: Sir D. Brewster, R.H., D.C.L., F.R.S.; Dr. Lloyd; R. Main, Esq.; Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Secretaries: Professor Stevelly, LL.D.; Rev. T. Rennison, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College; Rev. G. C. Bell, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College.

SECTION B.—Chemical Science.

President: B. C. Brodie, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, Oxford. Vice-Presidents: Dr. Andrews, M.D.; Warren de la Rue, Esq., Ph.D., F.R.S.; Professor Faraday, D.C.L., F.G.S.; Professor Frankland, Ph.D., F.R.S.; Professor Hofmann, Ph.D., F.R.S.; Dr. Miller, M.D., F.R.S. Secretaries: Professor H. E. Roscoe; G. D. Liveing, M.A., F.C.S.; A. Vernon Harcourt, Esq., B.A., F.C.S., Student of Christ Church; A. B. Northcote, Esq., F.C.S., Queen's College.

SECTION C.—Geology.

President: Rev. A. Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Geology, Cambridge. Vice-Presidents: Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S.; L. Horne, F.R.S.; Major-General Portlock, R.E., F.R.S. Secretaries: Professor Harkness, F.R.S.; Captain Woodall, M.A., F.G.S., Oriel College; Edward Hull, F.G.S.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany, including Physiology.

President: Charles G. B. Daubeny, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Botany, Oxford. Vice-Presidents: Professor Bell; Dr. Daubeny, G.B., M.D., LL.D.; Sir W. Jardine, Bart., F.R.S.E.; Rev. L. Jenyns; Professor Owen, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Secretaries: E. Lankester, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.L.S.; E. Percival Wright, M.A., F.L.S.; P. P. Slater, M.A., Corpus Christi College; W. S. Church, Esq., B.A., University College.

SUB-SECTION D.—Physiology.

President: Professor Rolleston, M.D. Vice-Presidents: Dr. Davy, F.R.S.; George Rusk, F.R.S. Secretaries: Robert Macdonnell, M.D., M.R.I.A.; Edward Smith, M.D., LL.B., F.R.S.

SECTION E.—Geography and Ethnology.

President: Sir R. I. Murchison, G.C.St.S., D.C.L., F.R.S., V.P.R.G.S., Director General of the Geographical Survey of the United Kingdom. Vice-Presidents: Lord Ashburton; John Crawford, Esq., Pres. Ethn. Soc.; Francis Galton, Esq., M.A., F.R.S.; Sir J. E. Richardson, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., M.D.; Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart. Secretaries: Norton Shaw, M.D., Act. Sec. R.G.S.; Thomas Wright, M.A.; Captain Burrows, R.N., M.A.; Charles Lempriere, D.C.L.; Dr. James Hunt, M.E.S.

SECTION F.—Economic Science and Statistics.

President: Nassau W. Senior, Esq., M.A., late Professor of Political Economy, Oxford. Vice-Presidents: Lord Montagu; Monckton Milnes, M.P.; William Tite, M.P. Secretaries: Edmund Macrory, Esq., M.A.; Rev. J. E. T. Rogers, M.A., Magdalen Hall, Tookian Professor of Political Economy, King's College, London.

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

President: W. J. Rankin, Esq., M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Engineering, Glasgow. Vice-Presidents: W. Fairbairn, LL.D., F.R.S.; J. Glynn, F.R.S.; Admiral Moorsom; Sir John Rennie, F.R.S.; Marquis of Stafford, M.P. Secretaries: P. Le Neve Forster, M.A.; Rev. Francis Harrison, M.A.; Henry Wright.

The various sections assembled as follows:—
Section A (Mathematical and Physical Science) met in the Convocation House; Section B (Chemical Science), Section C (Geology), Section D (Zoology and Botany, including Physiology), and sub-Section

D (Physiology), met in the Museum; Section E (Geography and Ethnology), in the Divinity School; and Section F (Economic Science and Statistics), and Section G (Mechanical Science), in the Schools, —each at eleven o'clock.

The following are among the more remarkable papers read on different days in different sections:—

THURSDAY.

SECTION A.—Mathematical and Physical Science.

By the late Professor Baden Powell—Report on Observations of Luminous Meteors, 1859-60. Prepared by James Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S.

Admiral Fitzroy—On British Storms; with large diagrams.

Patrick Cody—On the Trisection of an Angle by Plane Geometry.

Mr. Claudet—On the Principles of the Solar Camera.

Mr. Claudet—On the Means of Increasing the Angle of Binocular Instruments, in order to obtain a stereoscopic effect in proportion to their magnifying power.

Rev. T. Rankin—On the Different Motions of Electric Fluid.

SECTION B.—Chemical Science.

Dr. Bird—On the Deodorisation of Sewage.

J. J. Coleman—On some Remarkable Relations existing between the atomic weights, atomic volumes, and properties of the chemical elements.

SECTION C.—Geology.

Opening address by the president.
Professor Phillips—On the geology of the vicinity of Oxford.

J. F. Whiteaves, Esq., F.G.S.—On the invertebrate fauna of the lower oolites of Oxfordshire.

Rev. P. B. Brodie, F.G.S.—On the stratigraphical position of certain species of coral in the lias.

Rev. H. B. Tristram—On the geological characters of the Sahara.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany, including Physiology.

George Ogilvie, M.D.—Report on dredging north and east coast of Scotland.

Rev. P. P. Carpenter—On the present state of natural history in the United States of America.

Rev. F. O. Morris—On the permanence of species.

Professor Daubeny—Remarks on the final causes of the sexuality of plants; with particular reference to Mr. Darwin's work, "On the origin of species by natural selection."

John Hogg—On the distinctions between plants and animals;—and on a fourth kingdom of nature.

SUB-SECTION D.—Physiology.

The president's address.

Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S.—The action of tea and alcohol contrasted.

Sir Charles Grey—On Asiatic cholera.

SECTION E.—Geography and Ethnology.

The President, Sir R. Murchison's, address.

Captain Sherard Osborn, R.N., F.R.G.S.—On the formation of oceanic ice in the Arctic regions.

Captain Parker Snow—On the lost polar expedition and possible recovery of its scientific documents.

John Crawford, Esq., Pres. Ethn. Soc.—On the influence of domestic animals on the progress of civilisation (birds).

Dr. D. Livingstone—Latest discoveries in South-central Africa.

This paper was compiled from materials supplied by Dr. Livingstone, in which a sketch of the inhabitants around Lake Sherba was given. The communication had chief reference to the cotton question, of which we have often treated. The Bishop of Oxford expressed himself warmly in favour of the opinion that Africa would become a cotton-growing country under greater facilities than the United States. The great impediment he considered to be the existence of slavery, and that slavery was carried on to so great an extent by the Portuguese, that it was necessary for some prompt measures to be taken, especially as the Portuguese had advanced a claim to that part of Africa.

SECTION F.—Economic Science and Statistics.

The President—Opening Address.

Frederick Purdy—On the Systems of Poor Law Medical Relief.

Edwin Chadwick, C.B.—On the Physiological as well as Psychological Limit to Mental Labour.

Henry Fawcett, M.A., Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge—On Co-operative Societies, their Social and Political Economical Aspect.

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

Interim Report on the gauging of Water.

Report of the committee on steam-ship performance.

Admiral Moorsom—On the performance of steam vessels.

P. W. Barlow, F.R.S.—On the mechanical effects of combining suspension chains and girders, and the value of the practical application of this system, (illustrated by a model).

In the evening there was a *conversazione*. At this *soirée*, held in the Museum, various works of art and science were exhibited, prominent amongst which were drawings and models of Himalayan peaks, by the Brothers Schlagintweit, whose travels in India and Central Asia have recently contributed so much to the advancement of geographical discovery. The Schlagintweit collection also comprises facial casts of aboriginal races, which give the European ethnologist a very fair conception of the complex elements which go to make up the population of India.

In the course of the evening the Rev. R. Walker delivered a short lecture on electricity, which he illustrated by a variety of new and beautiful experiments which were very successful and afforded great delight to the spectators. The lecture-room was crowded in every part, and as a vast number could not obtain admittance, the rev. gentleman repeated his lecture to a second audience, who were apparently as highly entertained as the first. Several fine etchings were scattered about, which excited much attention. Refreshments were provided at the expense of the association, and after spending a very agreeable evening the company, most of whom were in evening dress, separated at a late hour.

FRIDAY.

The various sections again met in their respective rooms, when the following papers among others were read:—

SECTION A.—Mathematical and Physical Science.

Admiral Fitzroy—On British storms, with large diagrams.

M. Hermann Von Schlagintweit—General abstract of the results of Messrs. de Schlagintweit's magnetic survey of India, with three charts.

Mr. du Boulay—Observations on the meteorological phenomena of the vernal equinoctial week.

Sir D. Brewster—On some optical illusions connected with the inversion of perspective.

Mr. Ball—Communication of meteorological observations by Alpine travellers.

Mr. J. A. Brown—On a magnetic survey of the west coast of India.

SECTION B.—Chemical Science.

W. R. Grove—On the transmission of electrolysis across glass.

Dr. Frankland—On a new organic compound containing boron.

Dr. W. A. Miller—On the atomic weight of oxygen.

Professor Rowney—On the composition of jet.

Professor Voelcker—On the occurrence of poisonous metals in cheese.

T. Scofield—On waterproof and unalterable small-arm cartridges.

Dr. Hermann Sprengel—On a new form of blow-pipe for laboratory use.

SECTION C.—Geology.

Dr. Daubeny—Remarks on the elevation theory of volcanoes.

T. Sterry Hunt, Esq.—Notes on some points in chemical geology.

W. Pengelly, Esq.—On the geographical and chronological distribution of Devonian fossils in Devon and Cornwall.

Dr. Wright—On the avicularia contorta bed, and lower lias in the south of England.

Joseph Prestwich—On some new facts in relation to the section of the cliff at Mundley, Norfolk.

Professor Harkness—On the metamorphic rocks of the north of Ireland.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany.

Professor Backman—Report on experiments on the alteration of the specific form of plants by culture.

Rev. H. H. Higgins—On some specimens from the pathological collection of shells by the late Dr. Gaskoigne.

R. Dowden—On a plant poisoning a plant.
G. Ogilvie, M.D.—On the hard tissues of fern stems.

J. Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S.—On the British teredines or shipworms.

Professor Vander Hoeven—Some observations on the teredo navalis, and the mischief caused by it in Holland.

Dr. E. Percival Wright—Exhibition of a fresh water teredo.

SUB-SECTION D.—Physiology.

Dr. Lewis—On a hydro-spirometer.
Dr. Michael Foster—Contributions to the theory of cardiac inhibition.

Professor Huxley, F.R.S.—On the development of pyrosoma.

Professor Beale, F.R.S.—On the ultimate arrangement of nerves in muscular tissue.

Dr. C. Kidd—On the nature of death by chloroform.

Dr. C. Harvey, M.A., M.D.—An experimental inquiry into the mode of death produced by aconite.

SECTION E.—Geography and Ethnology.
Dr. D. Livingstone—Latest discoveries in South-central Africa.

Mr. Consul Petherick, of Khartoum in Upper Egypt—On his proposed journey from that place to meet Captain Speke, on or near the Lake Nyanza of Central Africa.

M. T. Wright—On the excavations on the site of the Roman city of Uriconium, at Wroxeter.

Mr. W. Lockart—On the mountain districts of China, and their aboriginal inhabitants.

Dr. Macgowan, U.S.—History of the Ante-Christian settlement of the Jews in China.

Dr. Hincks—On some ethnological boulders and their probable origin.

Mr. Richard Cull—On the existence of a true plural of a personal pronoun in a living European language.

D. J. May, R.N.—Latest travels on the Niger and through Yoruba.

SECTION F.—Economic Science and Statistics.

Henry Fawcett, M.A., F. Trinity Hall, Cambridge—Dr. Whewell, on the method of political economy.

Rev. James Booth, LL.D., F.R.S.—On the true principle of an income tax.

William Newmarch, Esq.—On some suggested schemes of taxation and the difficulties of them.

Henry Roberts, F.S.A.—Notes on various efforts to improve the domiciliary condition of the labouring classes.

Dr. Michelsen—Serfdom in Russia.

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

Mr. Barlow's paper on combining suspension chains and girders will be discussed.

William Hall—On the manufacture of submarine cables (illustrated by a model and specimens).

C. W. Siemens—On a new process of covering submarine conductors with India rubber or compounds of India rubber.

William Simons—On improvements in ship-building.

Earl of Caithness—On road locomotives.

Capt. Blakely, R.A.—On artillery.

B. W. Richardson, M.A., M.D.—Suggestions for an electro-magnetic railway break.

SATURDAY.

The following papers were read this day:—
SECTION A.—Mathematical and Physical Science.

Professor W. Thomson—Report of committee appointed to prepare a self-recording atmospheric electrometer for Kew, and portable apparatus for obtaining atmospheric electricity.

Mr. J. A. Brown—On a new induction dip circle.

Henry Draper, M.D.—On a reflecting telescope for celestial photography, now erecting at Hastings, near New York, communicated by Professor Draper.

Mr. W. R. Birt—On the forms of certain lunar craters indicative of a peculiar degrading force (with diagrams).

Mr. W. R. Birt—On atmospheric waves (with diagrams).

Sir D. Brewster—On microscopic vision and a new form of microscope.

Canon Moreley—On the motion of glaciers.

C. W. Siemens—On a bathometer, or instrument to indicate the depth of the ocean as well as the elevation above the sea by simple reading.

C. W. Siemens—Outline of the principles and practice involved in dealing with the electrical conditions of submarine electric telegraphs.

Professor W. B. Rogers, Boston—Experiments and conclusions on binocular vision, and some experiments on some of the phenomena of electrical vacuum tubes.

B. Stewart—On the light radiated by heated bodies.

J. S. Glennie—On physics as a branch of the science of motion.

SECTION B.—Chemical Science.

Dr. Gladstone—Chemical notes (1) on creosote; (2) a compound of molybdenum, chlorine, and fluorine; (3) the diffusion of salts in solution as bearing evidence of their reciprocal decomposition.

Mr. Buckton—On some re-action of zinc ethyl.

Dr. Von Bose—Remarks on the volumetric theory.

Dr. Lyon Playfair—On the representation of neutral salts on the type of a neutral peroxide H O, instead of a basic oxide H₂ O₂.

SECTION C.—Geology.

Sir R. I. Murchison—To exhibit the new geological map of Oxford.

Dr. Geinitz—On snow crystals observed at Dresden.

Dr. Geinitz—On the Silurian formation in the district of Wilsdruff.

Professor Harkness—On the metamorphic rocks of the north of Ireland.

Captain Woodall—On the intermittent springs of the chalk and oolite of the neighbourhood of Scarborough.

Dr. Anderson—Report on the Dura Den excavations.

M. A. Favre—On circular chains in the Alps.

Professor Jukes—On the igneous rocks interstratified with the carboniferous limestone of the Basin of Limerick.

Rev. P. B. Brodie—On the stratigraphical position of certain species of corals in the lias.

C. Moore—On the contents of three square yards of triassic drift.

Rev. S. R. Smith—On the osseous bone caves of Tenby.

Baron Francesco Anca—On two newly-discovered ossiferous caves in Sicily containing marked flints &c.

Rev. W. Lister—On some reptilian foot-prints from the new red sandstone north of Wolverhampton.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany, including Physiology.

Dr. Kinahan, F.L.S.—Report on dredging in Dublin Bay.

J. O. Westwood, M.A.—On an insect heretofore referred to three different orders.

R. MacAndrew, F.R.S.—Report of the general dredging committee.

Dr. C. Collingwood—On recurrent animal form and its influence on systematic zoology.

Rev. F. O. Morris, B.A.—On the permanence of species.

Professor Draper, M.D., New York—On the intellectual development of Europe, considered with reference to the views of Mr. Darwin and others, that the progression of organisms is determined by law.

The latter three papers will be read about twelve o'clock. Sub-section D will adjourn at this hour in order to take part in the discussion.

SUB-SECTION D.—Physiology.

Dr. Gibb—On saccharine formation in the breast.

Archibald McLaren, Esq.—On the influence of systematised exercise on the expansion of the chest.

Professor Corbett—On the deglutition of alimentary fluids.

Arthur E. Durham, Esq.—An experimental inquiry into the nature of sleep.

Dr. Brown Squard, F.R.S.—On the influence of cold on the vital properties of animal tissues.

SECTION E.—Geography and Ethnology.

M. Pierre de Tchihatcheff—On the geographical distribution of plants in Asia Minor.

Captain John Palliser, F.R.G.S.—On the course

and results of the British North America exploring expedition, under his command in the years 1857-58-59.

D. Rae—On the aborigines of the arctic and sub-arctic regions of America.

Lieutenant Edward Schlagintweit—On the tribes composing the population of Morocco.

Mr. R. Call, F.S.A.—On certain remarkable deviations in the structure of Europeans.

SECTION F.—Economic Science and Statistics.

Henry Fawcett, M.A., Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge—On co-operative societies, their social and political aspect.

William Newmarch—On some suggested schemes of taxation, and the difficulties of them.

Edwin Chadwick, C.B.—On the economical results of military drill in popular schools.

Michelsen—Serfdom in Russia.

Richard Dowden—On local legislation for local purposes.

Edward Vivian, B.A.—Vital statistics, with report of the Temperance Insurance Office.

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

E.A. Cowper—On a new mode of obtaining a blast of very high temperature in the manufacture of iron.

William Fairbairn—On the density of saturated steam, and on the law of expansion for superheated steam.

William Froude—On Giffard's steam-jet feed apparatus.

Professor Hennessy, F.R.S.—Suggestions relative to inland navigation.

Captain Blakely, R.A.—On artillery.

B. W. Richardson, M.A., M.D.—Suggestions for an electro-magnetic railway break.

MONDAY.

Among the papers read in the various sections were—

SECTION A.—Mathematical and Physical Science.

Professor Walker—Report of the committee on balloon ascents for scientific purposes.

Dr. Booth—On a new geometrical method for establishing the theory of conic sections.

Dr. Booth—On an improved instrument for describing spirals, invented by Henry Johnson.

Sir D. Brewster—On the influence of small apertures on telescopic vision.

Dr. Hincks—On some recorded observations of the planet Venus in the seventh century B.C.

Professor Hennessy—On the principles of meteorology.

Professor Hennessy—On the possibility of studying the earth's internal structure from phenomena observed at its surface.

SECTION B.—Chemical Science.

Mr. Buckton—On some re-actions of zinc-ethyl.

Dr. Von Bose—Remarks on the volume theory.

Dr. Andrews—On ozone.

Professor Brodie—On the quantitative estimation of the peroxide of hydrogen.

A. Vernon Harcourt—On the oxidation of potassium and sodium.

J. J. Coleman—Note on the destruction of the bitter principle of chrysaite by the agency of caustic alkali.

SECTION C.—Geology.

Rev. P. B. Brodie—On the stratigraphical position of certain species of corals in the lias.

Rev. W. Lister—On some reptilian foot-prints from the new red sandstone north of Wolverhampton.

Rev. Professor Sedgwick—On the geology of the neighbourhood of Cambridge and the fossils of the upper green sand.

Rev. W. V. Harcourt—On the effects of long-continued heat shown in the iron furnaces of the west of Yorkshire.

Professor Rogers—On some phenomena of metamorphism in coal in the United States.

Professor Ferdinand Von Hochstetter—Some observations upon the geological features of the volcanic island of St. Paul in the South Indian ocean, illustrated by a model in relief of the island, made by Captain Cybulz, of the Austrian artillery.

Professor Ferdinand Von Hochstetter—Remarks on the geology of New Zealand, illustrated by geological maps, drawings, and photographs.

Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck—On the course of the

Thames from Lechlade to Windsor, as ruled by the geological formations over which it passes.

SECTION D.—Zoology and Botany.

Dr. Ogilvie—On the woody fibres of flowering and of cryptogamic plants.

Dr. Daubeny—Remarks on equivocal generation.

Frank T. Buckland—On the acclimatisation of animals, birds, &c., in the United Kingdom.

H. T. Stainton—On some peculiar forms amongst the larvae of the micro-lepidoptera.

Lovell Reeve—On the aspergilla, or watering-pot molluscs.

Dr. C. Dresser—On the morphological laws in plants.

Sun-Section D.—Physiology.

Professor Corbett, M.D.—On the deglutition of alimentary fluids.

Arthur E. Durham, Esq.—An experimental inquiry into the nature of sleep.

Professor Van der Hoeven—Some remarks on the anatomy of *Potto* of Borneo *Perodicticus Bennetti*.

Dr. B. W. Richardson—On the influence of oxygen in animal bodies.

Professor J. R. Greene—A word on embryology with reference to the constitution of the sub-kingdoms of animals.

Professor Carus—On the value of development in systematic zoology and animal morphology.

Dr. C. B. Radcliffe—On muscular action from an electrical point of view.

Professor Beale, F.R.S.—On the ultimate arrangements of nerves in muscular tissue.

SECTION E.—Geography and Ethnology.

John Crawford, Pres. Eth. Soc.—On the Aryan or Indo-Germanic theory of races.

Colonel Shaffner, N.S.—On the geography of the proposed communication between England and America *via* the Faröes, Iceland, and Greenland.

Rev. Dr. Booth—On a deep-sea pressure gauge; invented by Henry Johnson.

Captain M. H. Syngé, R.E.—On the proposed communication between Atlantic and Pacific *via* British North America.

Professor Ferdinand von Hochstetter (Vienna), Geologist of the Austrian Novara Expedition—A new map of the interior of the Northern Island of New Zealand, constructed during an inland journey in 1859.

Rev. Dr. Hincks—On some ethnological boulders, and their probable origin.

SECTION F.—Economic Science and Statistics.

J. J. Fox—On the province of the statistician.

Richard Dowden—Local taxation for local purposes.

Miss Carpenter—Statistics of schools for neglected children.

John Hitchman—On sanitary drainage of towns.

J. M. Mitchell—On the statistics of the herring fishery on the British coasts.

Ker Porter—Some hints for the building of cottages for agricultural labourers.

SECTION G.—Mechanical Science.

Captain Blakeley—On rifled cannon.

William Fairbairn—Experiments to determine the effect of vibratory action and long-continued changes of load upon wrought-iron girders.

David Chadwick—On water meters.

John Fisher—On an atmospheric washing machine.

B. W. Richardson, M.A., M.D.—Suggestions for an electro-magnetic railway break.

Admiral Tait—A novel means to lessen the frightful loss of life round our exposed coasts, by rendering the element itself an inert barrier against the power of the sea; also a permanent deep-water harbour of refuge by artificial bars.

TUESDAY.

The third *conversazione* was held last evening at the New Museum, and amongst other objects of interest that excited attention, was the Chevalier Bonelli's electrical loom, which was worked and explained several times during the evening; also some gigantic bones of extinct Saurians, found in the neighbourhood. Professor Walker again introduced the electrical experiments, as on the previous evenings, which were much applauded and were very successful. Some fine photographs of New Zealand also attracted considerable attention, and the various pictures and subjects from Mr. Hope's collection added to the curiosities of the evening.

The sectional rooms were attended by a large and fashionable audience.

WEDNESDAY.

The final meeting of the British Association was held in the Sheldonian Theatre, at 3 p.m. Many of the *saravans* and a large number of the visitors attracted by their presence had taken their departure previously, and the number of persons present in the theatre fell far short of the gathering on Saturday.

The business of the occasion was commenced by Lord Wrottesley desiring the general secretary (Professor Walker) to read the votes and resolutions passed during the meeting. These consisted chiefly of the appointment of committees and the assignment of sums of money for various scientific purposes, the moneys voted amounting in all to 1,390*l*.

The local treasurer (the Rev. E. Hill) was then called on to give the statistics of the meeting. He showed that the number of persons, including both members and associates, who had taken part in the proceedings, was 1,687, being nearly 400 more than on the last occasion of the Association holding its annual *séance* at Oxford. The sum collected by means of tickets was 1,604*l*; that produced by the sale of books, 22*l*; total, 1,626*l*.

The President then rose, and expressed his great satisfaction at the excellence of the meeting. He warmly thanked the university authorities for the accommodation which they had so liberally furnished; paid a graceful compliment, *en passant*, to the ladies; acknowledged the kindness of the Radcliffe trustees and the mayor and corporation of the city, and especially thanked the foreigners who had come from remote distances to attend the meeting, particularising M. de la Rive, M. Otto Struve, and the Chevalier Bonelli, the exhibitor of the electric loom.

Professor Henslow proposed a vote of thanks to the local treasurers, secretaries, and committees, for their efficient services; which was seconded by Mr. W. Fairbairn (the president-elect for 1861).

Dr. Rolleston returned thanks.

Professor Phillips announced that the meeting of the Association in 1861 would be held at Manchester, under Mr. Fairbairn's presidency towards the close of August. He read the list of vice-presidents (which included the names of Lord Stanley, the Earl of Ellesmere, Mr. Bazley, and Sir Benjamin Heywood); and concluded with some statistics showing the steady progress of the Association, as testified by the numbers attending its meetings during the last eight years.

The Dean of Christ Church then rose and proposed a vote of thanks to the president, Lord Wrottesley, whom he warmly congratulated on the excellence of the meeting and on his own successful conduct of it. Adverting to his Lordship's opening address, he claimed credit to the university for recent efforts on behalf of science, and expressed a hope that by the time another meeting of the Association was held in Oxford, the defects in the Oxford system as regards science—whereof Lord Wrottesley had complained—would be remedied. His own earnest efforts would be in this direction.

Professor Rogers seconded the proposition, which was carried by acclamation.

Lord Wrottesley briefly acknowledged the compliment paid him, and the meeting broke up at a little before 4 o'clock.

The address of Sir Roderick Impey Murchison to the Geographical and Ethnological Section was of especial interest. We can afford only a few extracts *spatiis inclusis* *inimicis* :—

"In Africa, the earlier discoveries of that great traveller Livingstone have been followed by other researches of his companions and himself, which, as far as they go, have completely realised his anticipation of detecting large elevated tracts, truly *Semotaria* as compared with those swampy low regions near the coast, which have impressed too generally on the minds of our countrymen the impossibility of sustaining a life of exertion in any intertropical region of Africa. The opening out of the Shire river, that grand affluent of the Zambesi, with the description of its banks and contiguous lofty terraces and mountains, and the development of the healthfulness of the tract, is most refreshing knowledge, the more so as it is accompanied by the

pleasing notice, that in this tract the slave trade is unknown except by the rare passage of a gang from other parts; whilst the country so teems with rich vegetable products, including cotton, and herds of elephants, as to lead us to hope that a spirit of profitable barter, which powerfully animates the natives, may lead to their civilisation—and thus prove the best means of eradicating the commerce in human beings. Whilst Livingstone was sailing to make his last venture, and to realise the promise he had given to his faithful Macololo friends, that he would return to them, and bring them kind words from the Queen of the people who love the black man, Captains Burton and Speke were returning from their glorious exploits into a more central and northern region of South Africa, where they had discovered two great internal lakes or fresh water seas, each of not less than 300 miles in length. I may here notice, to the honour of our government, and particularly to that of the present secretary for foreign affairs, that Captain Speke, associated with another officer of the Bengal army, Captain Grant, has received £2,500, to enable him to terminate his examination of the great Nyanza lake, under the equator, and we have reason to hope that he will find the chief feeders of the white Nile flowing out from its northern extremity, and thus determine the long-sought problem of one of the chief sources of that classic stream. I also trust that in the last and most arduous portion of his efforts in proceeding northwards, he will be assisted through the co-operation of H.M. consul at Khartoum on the upper Nile, in traversing the country immediately to the north of the equator, where no traveller ancient or modern has ever penetrated, and which is inhabited by wild and barbarous natives. After a residence of sixteen years in that region, and having made many trading expeditions to the confines of this unknown region, that bold and experienced man, Consul Petherick, is, I am persuaded, the only European who can afford real assistance to Captains Burton and Grant, and if by their united efforts the true source or sources of the Nile should be discovered, Britain will have attained a distinction hitherto sought in vain from the days of the Roman Empire. During the week of our meeting, Mr. Petherick will bring before us his project, which I trust you will support, [by means of a subscription list now opened,] for effecting either a junction with Captain Speke, or of affording effective assistance, without which it is much to be feared that the gallant captain will never be able to traverse the savage tracts which intervene between the Nyanza lake and that highest part of the Nile to which any traveller has ascended.

"In the vast possessions of British North America much additional knowledge has been gained by the successful explorations of Palliser and his associates, Hector, Blakiston, and Sullivan, not only as respects the great fertile prairies watered by the Saskatchewan and its affluents, but also the practicability of traversing the Rocky Mountains within our territories by passes lower than any which exist to the south of the boundary of the United States. At this stage of our inquiries it would be hazardous perhaps to speculate on these passes being rendered available for railroads; the more so, as the wild region lying to the west of the Rocky Mountains—i. e., between them and those parts of British Columbia which are gold-bearing, and are beginning to be inhabited by civilised people—is as yet an unexplored woody region. We may hope, however, that such routes of communication will be established as will connect the Red River settlements with the prairies of the Saskatchewan, and these last with the rich auriferous tracts of British Columbia. And if the most northern lines be found to be too difficult for railway communication, through the severity of the climate and physical obstacles, let us hope that by giving and taking ground in an amicable manner with our kinsmen of the United States, we may be enabled by a more southern railroad to traverse the prairies on either side of the neutral boundary, and then pass down the river Columbia to Vancouver Island. By this operation the great Gulf of St. Lawrence and Hudson's Bay on the east may eventually be placed in communication with the noble roadsteads of Vancouver Island and the adjacent

mainland on the Pacific. At all events, Britain will doubtless not be slow in establishing communications between the Atlantic and Pacific, first by the electric telegraph, next by ordinary roads, and finally, it is to be hoped, in part at least, by railroads.

"But, to revert to subjects connected with Britain, in no portion of the surface of the globe have we made such great and rapid advances as in Australia. Doubtless much of this progress in civilisation, particularly in Victoria, is due to the discovery of those enormous masses of gold which are producing powerful effects far and wide. But looking to the work of purely geographical pioneers, I can declare, that some of the most valuable and daring researches from the earliest days to the present time have been completed, wholly irrespective of profits gained through the attraction of the precious metal. The great discoveries of Sturt, Eyre and Leichhardt were made before the existence of gold was known, and even now, when gold is the most seductive of baits to entice the traveller, see what vast regions the brothers Gregory have laid open in Northern, Eastern and Western Australia, without the recompense of a single yellow nugget. Again: look to South Australia, where gold is scarcely known, at least in any appreciable quantity, and see what its inhabitants have done in pushing far into the interior, simply to acquire fresh pastures-lands. In contemplating these recent discoveries, we are lost in admiration of what one individual, Mr. McDougall Stewart, has accomplished in so short a time, and we read with astonishment of the privations he underwent to realise the existence of fresh-water streams and oases on the borders of the great interior saline desert. Still more were we surprised when we learned that this great continent, the rivers of which were so long considered to be useless, has had its one mighty stream, the Murray, rendered navigable for 1,800 miles. With its affluents, the Darling and Murrumbidgee, this river may indeed be said to have been laid open for 2,500 miles, *i. e.* between fifteen new towns which have sprung up in the interior and the sea—and all this by the clearing away of the stems and stumps of trees, the result of ages of decay. There are now indeed in England some of the eminent men, whether governors, statesmen, or explorers of this great colonial empire, who will, I hope, before we adjourn, throw fresh light on these recent discoveries.

"Then, again, as we descend with the stream of time until we reach reliable records, the geographer next endeavours to throw light on the marches of the great generals of antiquity and the sites of ancient cities; and then truly the geologist, geographer, and ethnologist become united with the antiquary and historian. Taking our recent British example of the discovery of the Uricinium of the Romans at Wroxeter in Shropshire, where is the geographer who has looked at the mounds of earth which till recently covered that ancient city, and is not convinced, that causes arising from the combined destruction by man and natural decay, have produced the mass of overlying matter on the shores of the Severn, which has hidden from our vision one of the famous Roman towns of Britain?"

Mr. Alfred Whittingham, of Leicester Square, has just published his "Catalogue of English and Foreign Books," many of which are curious and scarce, and offered at prices within the reach of the general public. Among the list we find many works bearing on the literature, history, and geography of America, including "The Remembrancer," for the year 1779, relating principally to matters connected with the American Revolution. Among the general works will be found a copy of Walton and Cotton's "Compleat Angler," with notes by Moses Browne, plates and woodcuts, published in 1759, with an inserted notice, "To all lovers of angling," from "Charles Kirby, nephew of Thomas Kirby, and son of Charles Kirby, grandson to Timothy," dated Oct. 25, 1766; and a curious copy of F. Bernier's *Voyages*, "contenant la description des Etats du Grand Mogul, et ou l'on voit comment l'or et l'argent, après avoir circulé dans le monde, passant dans l'Hindoustan, d'où ils ne reviennent plus," plates, 1710, pronounced "très recherchée" by Brunet, and "more like a glowing romance than a detail of real events" by an English literary journal.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PARIS, July 4.

PEOPLE have been exceedingly occupied and amused by the strange *lapsus lingue* perpetrated by M. Dupin in the speech he made for the distribution of the prizes at the end of the cattle show the other day. Alluding to the (then) hopeless illness of Prince Jérôme, the incorrigible "old peer of France" said the "Royal family" was in the greatest affliction, etc.! This has reminded the political world here of a still worse mistake made upon a former occasion by the Duc Decazes. The ex-favourite of Louis XVIII. had been presiding at a public dinner given in honour of the Prince Royal, as he was at that time, Louis Philippe's eldest son—namely, the Duc d'Orléans. Wishing to do honour to the heir to the throne, the Duc Decazes, in proposing his health, cried out, with all the force of a stentorian voice, "Vive le Duc d'Angoulême!"

This cattle show has been a curious event, in so far as it has made clear a somewhat livelier interest in the public for these kinds of exhibitions than had been perhaps manifested before; otherwise I do not think it can be said that any very wonderful improvement has been shown in an agricultural—or simply cattle-breeding—point of view. The French persist in liking lean rears better than fat ones, always from the erroneous idea that fat is fat only, whereas, on the contrary, *fat is lean*. They rave about their *pots au feu*, never perceiving that soup is at the best bad food for human stomachs, and only to be tolerated when nothing else can be got, and they calculate how much of their liquid can be got out of a pound of their own lean, stringy-sinewed beef, finding, certainly, much more than fine, fat, first-rate English meat will furnish. *Ergo*, say they, the lean French meat is better than the fat British. It never occurs to them to ask into what amount of muscle a pound of fat steak may be converted when duly absorbed, or how any Tom Sayers could be trained upon *bouilli*. They quietly condemn the beef that is too good to be turned into "tea," and will none of it. But, as I said, as a matter of curiosity, the entries of the agricultural show are worthy of note, because they evince such an increased amount of interest in things of this sort on the part of the public. The average receipts of each day have been 27,000 francs at one franc a-head, and one day 30,000 francs were received. On Sunday, the 24th of June, it is stated, from the door-keeper's entries, that 95,494 persons passed, but this was the non-paying day. 35,000 catalogues were sold during the whole time of the Exhibition; and in the space of the first six days, the buffets cleared 38,000 francs. Now, on the whole, the speculation must have been a good one, for the utmost amount of the expenses incurred was not quite twenty thousand pounds sterling (five hundred thousand francs).

But the people most vexed by the whole affair have been the milk dealers, whose fury knows no bounds. Some bright thought all at once seems to have struck some *déjàte*, *apropos* to the sort of sky-blue liquid that is dealt out to the breakfast tables in Paris, and the real live cows of the "Palais de l'Industrie" were applied to to furnish the fair daughters of Lutetia with their morning's draught. Accordingly, one having communicated with another, the fashion was set, and for the last three weeks, between six and seven o'clock every morning, crowds of beautifully-dressed fair ladies have been to be seen sauntering down with their maids to the cattle show to drink milk! I repeat it: the disgust of the milk-vendors is beyond description, though certainly not on their part "beyond words," for they find plenty wherein to express their bitterness and rage.

A great fuss is being made about the forthcoming appearance of the Sisters Marchisio at the "Académie Impériale de Musique," in the French version of Rossini's "Semiramide." The unfortunate girls have been here now for several months, always undergoing the process of learning how to pronounce French, which they are found to maltreat most horribly, and which, in all these cases (and there have been many) is the one stumbling-block

to excellence (let alone the overpowering orchestra and unconquerable music they usually have to sing). It seems to be a settled thing now that, when any wretched Pole or Hungarian, or Italian or German, is to be submitted to the pronunciation of the French nasal sounds adapted to musical notes, she is always to undergo this uncomfortable process during the dog-days. As it was with the Caillag and the Borghi, and the Cravelli and the Vestvali, so it is apparently to be with the sisters Marchisio.

Meanwhile their "effect" is rather spoilt by the funeral of Prince Jérôme, which is, for the moment, the show that occupies the popular mind. For a week before, people talked over the ceremony, besides having the resource of going to see the lying in state; and now that the solemn pageant is past, they amuse themselves by talking of it till they "settle" down once more to whatever their more serious avocations may be.

I particularly wish to call your attention to a fact that is just now occurring here, and that only the more reflecting portion of the public seems to take into consideration. I told you in one of my late letters that the theatre of the Cirque was bringing out a new battle-piece, but I did not then know under what conditions, nor with what object exactly. I thought that the object was merely what is the object of all these representations (of the "Histoire d'un Drapeau," &c.)—namely, to get up the imperialist and warlike feeling, which is not yet found by any means enthusiastic enough. But this is not all. This piece, "Le Bataillon de la Moselle," is intended, over and above the imperialist and warlike, to get up the democratic feeling. The plan to be carried out, say the Imperialist writers for the official papers, is to show how *imperial* France was under the great wars of the first Napoleon; it is to be a glorification of the mass, of the nameless, of the crowd. Just see what the *feuilletonistes* of the "Moniteur" are instructed to say upon this occasion:—

"Here (in the 'Bataillon de la Moselle') we have before us the high deeds of the Great Obscure, of the self-sacrificing, devoted, anonymous hero—everybody! We have the deeds of the people, we see the heroism inspired by the aspirations of the great collective soul that bears and suffers everything, and only is rewarded by a dead, dry, hard cypher, carved on a public monument." Now, there is more still worthy of note—it is not only the "people" that has to be flattered, it is the people in its military form—the *regiment*. "This hero," says the "Moniteur," "has been neglected (!) The individual heroes never want for bards, and for the Achilles there are always sure to be Homers enough, great generals, and great poets, being both equally rare. But who speaks of the Greeks and Trojans, who, in the hundred battles of the *Iliad*, fell beneath the walls of Troy? The authors of the new piece fall into no part of the common error—they avenge the collective hero, and find a fit impersonation of him in the *regiment*, in the sacred battalion of the Moselle."

You see at once how many ways all this cuts: it helps to get up warlike imperialism; it gratifies the vanity, not of France only, but of the *mass*; it flatters the *regimental* feeling; and it directs public attention towards the *Rhine specially*. Nothing of this kind should, believe me, ever be overlooked, where Louis Napoleon is concerned. These are among his favourite modes of action; and in all these small subsidiary arts of intrigue, he is perhaps the greatest master the world ever saw. Here lies his chief power of invention and combination: in any higher sphere of statesmanship, he is embarrassed, and far more driven by events than attempting to guide them, but as an *impresario* he is first-rate: never neglect what he does in that capacity; it would be *unsafe*.

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